

THE  
P U P I L  
OF  
P L E A S U R E.

VOL. II.





THE  
PUPIL of PLEASURE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

*Written by Mr. PRATT.*



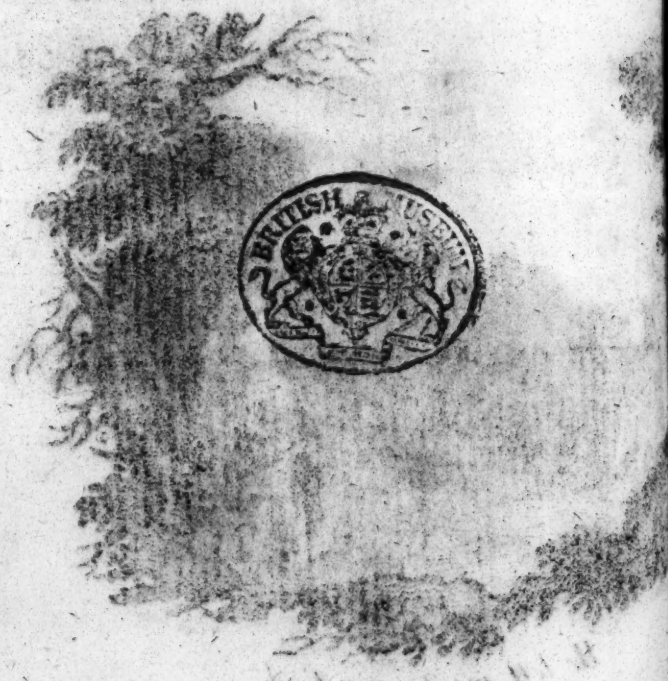
*He left me to my God.*

LONDON:

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1783.

THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
TREASURY  
AND  
THE  
POST OFFICE



LONDON  
PRINTED BY  
J. JOHNSON

THE TURN OF PLEASURE.

was made to me in the tenderness of his

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THE  
PUPIL OF PLEASURE,

&c.

---

LETTER LIX.

Mrs. LA MOTTE to Mrs. HOMESPUN.

Madam,

I AM sorry to refuse the worthy  
Mr. HOMESPUN (who hath, I perceive,  
been obliged to return without his wife)  
request, which I very plainly see

VOL. II.

B

was

2 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

was made to me in the tenderness of his heart.

You do me but justice in supposing that I will keep your unhappy secret, as you very properly call it; for it is no small infelicity to make a secret of *any* fort necessary to the fame of a woman, and the peace of a whole family, whose connections would all be dishonoured by a *disclosure*.

As far, therefore, as my silence can contribute to your domestic tranquillity, you may depend upon me; though, I cannot but think, she who hath confidence enough to abuse her husband, should have policy enough to conceal the particulars of her crime from a confidant; and I know not whether the very knowledge of such circumstances is not an insult to her virtue.

Your



## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 3

Your poor husband gave us, yesterday, as usual, an admirable discourse. There was in it some softening sentiments relating to the pure pleasures of married felicity, which I could not but imagine were suggested by his own situation: he loves you, HARRIET, most fondly, and I could not avoid giving to sentiments, which I connected with certain others, the tribute of a tender tear. ---All the parishioners, and especially the talkative part of them, express their astonishment, some by whispers, others by winks, and *all* by looks, or other expressive gestures, that Mrs. HOMESPUN should continue, where she has neither relations nor acquaintances. It is easy to see that Mr. HOMESPUN is the only unsuspecting person in the village; while *he*, wrapt up in the integrity of his soul, and guarded by his good

B 2

opinion



#### 4 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

opinion of *you*, supposes you will soon regret his absence, and return to him.

After service, he drank tea with me, and with tears in my eyes, first urged my going to Buxton; then, (finding my refusal established,) begged I should, at least, try the effect of my entreaties to invite you back: he even went so far as to hint, with all a *father's* glow upon his cheek, at the little necessary preparations against the day in which you are expected to present him with a testimony of your truth and tenderness. There are various maternal cautions, said he, you know, my dear Mrs. LA MOTTE, to be taken in such interesting situations; and, perhaps, the constant bustles of that watering place, may, for a while, lull to sleep, or rather agitate her into forgetfulness of those cares that generally alarm the  
pro-

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 5

provident apprehension of *her*, who is, in a very few weeks, to be a mother.

The painting was too powerful. I rose to conceal my sympathy: he pressed me by the hand, in visible disorder, and protesting that he left his fate to *my* management, saluted me, in his honest way, and went to perform the last offices to a poor woman (ALICE WELDON) who died last Wednesday in child-bed of the babe, *whose father is not yet acknowledged*. I told your husband, HARRIET, I would exert my power, without telling him that I had long lost my influence.

As you were not touched by my former letters---particularly *one of them*---I despair of moving you by the present, having no new arguments to offer; nor should I, indeed, have troubled you at

## 6 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

all, but that I did it, in compliance to your much-injured; and my ever-esteemmed friend, Mr. HOMESPUN, whom I admire, chiefly, for the very simplicity, to which you have made an objection. By the ardour with which he speaks of that Mr. SEDLEY, upon all occasions, I perceive, you have not been seduced by a novice, and yet, I cannot possibly imagine how he has contrived to make the husband his friend, at the *very* time that he has betrayed the wife into the thorny paths of personal impurity. Be this as it may, he must be a very artful creature, and, exclusive of my not going into the same lodging with the polluted HARRIET, I do not chuse to lay myself liable to the insult of being even the ridicule of a man, who, doubtless, *asperges*, even more than he *destroys*.

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 7

It may not, however, be amiss to observe, in conclusion, that, if your return to this place is not speedy, it will probably be attended with consequences, for which no after-penitence can possibly atone.

I am, Madam,

Your humble Servant,

C. LA MOTTE.

B 4

LET-



8 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

LETTER LX.

From the Same to the Same.

Dear Madam,

MR. HOMESPUN is extremely ill, and much distressed by your refusal to return. I have turned the affair in my mind, and I see, if you come on receipt of this letter, very probably excuses may yet be made, and all may be again happy.

You are still dear to me, HARRIET; I wish for nothing so warmly as to embrace you, and to go with you to our accustomed walk in the meadow, opposite your paradise of a cottage. I miss you more and more every day---every hour. Come then, my dear, name the time;

Mr.

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 9

Mr. HOMESPUN and I will both meet you at the half-way hut, where we were so happy in a party last summer; he desires you will take a chaise (after you have acquainted us) to that place.

I can no longer be without you; I want you to sit by my side, near your favourite window, round which the jessamine clammers. It is now in full blow---I want you to work with me, while HORACE reads, as he used to do, some agreeable author. We have made alterations in *my* garden: there is a new summer-house, actually surrounded with roses, sweet-briar, and eglantine; I want *you* to approve. In short, I wish for you, on all accounts, moral and entertaining. Hasten then, dear HARRIET, to your

C. LA MOTTE.

B 5

LET-

10 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

LETTER LXI.

From the Same to the Same.

Mrs. HOMESPUN,

**Y**OUR husband is in his bed, brought thither, by the evident indifference of a wife, on whom he doats. What course this illness may take, or where it may end, I know not: the people here, however, do not scruple to attribute it to the absence and strange conduct of Mrs. HOMESPUN. Since his sickness, which I do assure you is real, I have considered *well* the part I am to take in this affair; and, in the hope of restoring a worthy member to  
the

## THE PUPP OF PLEASURE. 11

the community, by opening his eyes to the demerit of the object for which he sighs, I am not certain whether I shall not be justified in disclosing to him *that* which will induce him to change his anxiety into contempt.

I beg *you* will think of this, and (as I shall wait your answer before I resolve) allow yourself to prevent what must make your infamy *public*. As to your equivocations, they have no weight with me, and are really too transparent to cheat a child. It is evident you doat on your seducer.

Farewell.

C. LA MOTTE.

LET,



## LETTER LXII.

MISS DELIA DELMORE to Lady LUCY  
SAXBY.

FANNY is not worse, and therefore my spirits (which always rise and fall with the pains and pleasures of my friends) are equal to the delightful task of corresponding with my very dear Lady LUCY.

In my last I only slightly, and in general terms, mentioned the patrons of my happiness: let me now be more particular. My father has formed himself by such a standard, that his excellencies have a dignity peculiar to the dignity of his manners. He hath ever thought proper to include the friendly in the paternal character; and he inculcates, even

to the lowest domestics, a certain sense of independency; a principle, he says, necessary to be maintained even among the lowest, and from which branches forth a thousand virtues. In society, says Sir HENRY, subordination is certainly indispenfible, according to the present system; but then, it should be considered, that the balance of human affairs is oftener, if not always, much more level than we imagine. If *we* feed the poor, their labour accommodates *us*: if we pay them for their toil, to that *very* toil we are indebted for all the softnesses of prosperity: if we provide them with a defence, against the severity of seasons, and a chamber for the convenience of repose, (after they have wearied out their vigour in *our* service,) let it be remembered, that, in gratitude for our attention, to them we owe every thing which distinguishes riches from poverty.

## 14 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

poverty: under their hands prosper the delicacies of the garden---and the treasures of the field---the decorations of the mansion---and the table of plenty---the robe of luxury---and the bed of down.

Actuated by motives so singularly noble, Sir HENRY, at a proper crisis, makes each of his children, in some sort, independent---that is, my dear, he allots to each of us such a share of fortune in our own hands as is sufficient to the display and shew-off of the natural disposition. He esteems it necessary to know the operation of the temper, when it has power to play; this---says he---is *not* to be known by the common mode of contracting, but of extending: it is impossible to discover any natural propensity, until opportunity gives liberty to all the little passions of the stripling, and indulgence gives way to unhackled inclination.

Educated

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 15

Educated under such advantages, and the finer polishes of the school given by a father so venerable and superior; the youthful independent will not turn his honours, and the precious deposit entrusted to him, to abuse; and, if he does, even then there are many ways which Sir HENRY has discovered to turn his deviating conduct into the proper channel. From kindness like this, Lady Lucy, we are enabled to do nameless occasional little services for the unfortunate; and by such means learn, early, to form ourselves into habits of sympathy and tenderness of heart. I do not, said he, put gold into your purses, children, like some parents, who promise to double the sum if you shew it unbroken and undiminished, at a future period: I do not give it you to hoard up like misers, nor to dissipate like little spendthrifts; but I give it  
you



## 16 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

you on purpose to change into small silver: it is my desire that you should taste early the first of pleasures: look about you: it is a world of misery, as well as imposition: mark your objects to the best of your abilities—be deceived as little as possible, and double your treasure by decreasing it: six-penny worth of silver may gain sixty moments of fair reflection: for the banquet at so cheap a rate provided to another—the bread and water of gratitude—take in exchange the richer feast of a kind heart: and in this case, my dear children, which is the greatest gainer? If you must be usurers, put your money out to such interest; be ambitious of laying it wisely out in the purchase of virtue, and I will supply you chearfully with the means.

We were all walking, Lucy, the other morning, by the side of the bath, when

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 17

when a short, bold, sturdy fellow accosted us for charity. We looked at Sir HENRY for our cue: Come along, children, said he, that man is both impudent and able. As we passed by, the fellow drew up his mouth, and shaking a little dirty bag that he took from his pouch, gingled it over his head, and triumphantly snapt his fingers. When we were at some distance—Take care, dear children, of such impostors: bestow not the moment you are supplicated: try the temper of the petitioner: he whom indigence and the strokes of ill-fortune have not at least *humiliated*, is not yet an object of your generosity.

As we were going to our carriage, a decayed veteran, in tattered regimentals, reduced to the knees by the perils of his profession, was endeavouring to sweep our way with his hat: little

CHARLES

18 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

CHARLES ran, without the least hesitation, and gave his bounty. Yes, said SIR HENRY; *there*, my dear lad, you could not be deceived: by whatever means brought such a poor wretch *must* be the mark of liberality.

Opposite, Lucy, to the maxims of the present age, thus do our parents encourage us in proportion, as we have conduced to the happiness of others; and for every trifle well bestowed, we are rewarded with a present four-fold its value, and that, again, enriched by a smile that shews how strongly the goodness of the child vibrates on the sensibility of the relation.

It is another happiness peculiar to the retreat of SIR HENRY DELMORE, that none of its residents are fired by the envy of opposition, or the meannesses of jealousy: so far the reverse of this,  
that

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 19

that one is studious to compliment the other on some excellence fresh acquired, or more perfected: some display of the heart, newly discovered, or some additional grace of the person.

What, my dear Lucy, can we say to those, whose hearts are deaf to the music of domestic concord? Earthly, groveling creatures, how I pity them! Warm, however, and alive to this sweetest harmony, is my elegant Lady SAXBY; she feels the soft impression that is made in every finer bosom by the hand of a Divinity. Long, very long, may this charming sensation continue! As long may we remain, in serious principle, the friends---the admirers---the improvers of one another!

I am,

My dear Lucy's inviolable

DELIA DELMORE.

LET-



## LETTER LXIII.

Lady LUCY SAXBY to Miss DELIA  
DELMORE.

I SHOULD ill-deserve the kindnesses you have been pleased to confer upon me, did I refuse the earliest acknowledgment. I am truly glad to hear Mrs. MORTIMER is likely to recover, and that you have found such a retreat as is agreeable to your family, contiguous to the bath;

Ah! Miss DELMORE, what pictures have you drawn---happy friend---en-viable DELIA! and yet still, methinks, is there wanting one article---one principal figure, to compleat your fine and high-

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 21

high-coloured family-piece. Why, my dear girl, so forgetful of yourself? Great, as are your present felicities, I am persuaded they admit addition. There is a passion, my DELIA, that gives the last fine finish to the bliss of an innocent life : it is the animator of every other happiness ; and I am surprised that a heart so gentle as Miss DELMORE'S should so long remain unpossessed of it. The pleasures of a pure and mutual passion would not be unworthy her attention.

Amongst the various characters in your train of slaves, DELIA, is there not one that can attract you? Hard-hearted girl, how shall we contrive to captivate you? Surely you terrify the tribe of humble servants! A modern lover, who has studied only the routine  
of

## 22 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

of rhapsody, and who depends on the repetition, and arrangement of a certain number of warm words---his flames and fires, hearts and darts, thrills and hills, groves and loves, Cupids and stupids---has no sort of chance; but when he has run the changes and chimes till he can do nothing but ring them over again, he is quite at a stand, can go no further, and is lost in his own absurdity, feels his own insignificance, and makes his ridiculous exit. Will you, however, *never* be caught?

If the rocks of Buxton are too barren, pray hasten to your Worcestershire paradise: your gardens there---the ancient seat of the DELMORES---contain every thing auspicious to the *belle passion*.---You have thickets of roses, which may furnish your sighers with families,  
and

and abundance of bowers, where Cupid may repose on violets: you have beds of primroses to entertain the Silphids, velvet verdure for the dancing fairies, and lucid water, wherein Venus may bathe herself in brooks---But---I am mistaken, if you now need this poetical Arcadia. Buxton rocks have their beauties---pray, my dear, let me hear more of this gentleman of birth, rank, and character-- this distinguished he, whose conversation is so pleasing, instructive, and various; who, at first sight, hath all the ease, firmness, and unembarrassed air of an old acquaintance, and who presents himself so engaging to a company! Ah! DELIA---DELIA! my prophecy will yet come to pass; and, if he proves as valuable as you wish to find him---I know you wish it, and so don't deny it, DELIA---the  
 most



24 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

most animated prayer of my heart is, that it may be speedily necessary to alter my superscription, whenever I address my fair, and at present, unestablished correspondent. I am a very happy wife myself, and therefore have the better right and reason to desire you may be in the same situation. However, be this as it may, in all states, changes, and transitions,

I am, truly,

Your real friend,

LUCY SAXBY.

LET-

LETTER LXIV.

Mrs. LA MORTE to Mrs. HOMESPUN.

Madam,

**Y**OUR attachment to Mr. SED-  
ay, is only an aggravation. Your  
declaring that you love him, and could  
sooner die than leave him, is really the  
want of a runaway romp of fifteen, who  
deserves for her naughtiness to be whip-  
ped. I have done both writing and  
arguing you, and have only to give  
you notice, that, as Mr. HOMESPUN  
now really incapable of his duty,  
through actual, undissembled grief, I  
have come to a resolution (since neither  
Vol. II. C entreaties,

26 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

entreaties, nor any humanity can weigh with you) to acquaint him with every circumstance, nay, to make him a present of all your letters to me, if you do not arrive at the Parsonage by Thursday next, which is four days from the date of this. I have hitherto fondly attempted to soothe your husband's impatience by making apologies: he desires me to put a letter, written with his own weak hand, into the post: he gave it me sealed, and I inclose it.

Madam,

I am,

Your most obedient servant

C. LA MOTTE

LET

LETTER LXV.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. HOMESPUN.

(Inclosed in the above.)

My dear Wife,

By some means or other I have caught, as I think it is, a cold, and that has produced a fever; so that I am obliged (and that must excuse the badness of it) to write this as I sit up in my bed—that bed, my dear, of which an equal part is your property. Though I am not, God be thanked, ill enough to alarm you, yet I cannot but believe your valuable society would materially



## 28. THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

accelerate my return to health, and contribute to my re-establishment. Mrs. LA MOTTE, who always speaks of you with inconceivable tenderness, has been prevented, as she says, on account of a sore throat, from being with you; and therefore, as your company here would be quite a cordial, and as Buxton is not, perhaps, the proper place to be in, without a relation, (even though that tie is almost supplied by the civilities of Mr. SEDLEY, to which worthy gentleman pray tender my hearty respects,) I could wish you would set off as early after your receipt of this, as can be made convenient. But I conjure you, nevertheless, not to put yourself into any hurries, and by all means come in a post-chaise, and by easy stages; and charge the driver to go easily, and pray reward him for his care. Never mind the cost of the journey: consider

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 29

consider your present delicate situation, and all the charming hopes—(part of which now bring the water into my eyes)—depending upon it. Therefore come leisurely, and it is very likely, as I don't indulge fretting under every slight affliction, you may find me considerably amended on your arrival at our little retreat, which, though I am just at present not able to enjoy it, is, methinks, prettier this summer than I imagined it would be: for all the woodbines I planted have thriven wonderfully; the laylocks, particularly the purple ones, are leafy and blossomed most luxuriantly; and, what I esteem an addition, an innocent little wren has, even in this, the first season of my residence, built her nest in the very center of my harbour between two honeysuckles. I declare I would protect the poor thing, and

C 3

preserve

preserve to it all the rights of hospitality and good faith, even at the hazard of my life.

But where am I wandering? You will smile, when I tell you, that, though I *began* in great pain, I *now* feel little or nothing, except a weariness, from the uncouthness of my posture. Surely the very *reflection* upon a beloved object is a charm against misery! What then, and how powerful, must be the *reality*? I need not pursue the hint: my best HARRIET is not destitute of sensibility.

I am, her very faithful  
and affectionate husband,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

P. S.

I have a melancholy postscript for my dear HARRIET. Poor Doctor DIGGORY

has

has been long confined to his bed, and employed by the last post an amanuensis to acquaint me that he is incapable of using a pen. Poor, good man, how I love and pity him!



## LETTER LXVI.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

OH! THORNTON, I wished for difficulties, and they are come pouring upon me with a vengeance. I am absolutely hemmed in by embarrassments: at this moment I am between a SCYLLA and a CHARYBDIS; and uncommonly skilful must be my pilotism, or I must split upon the rocks and be wrecked for ever. Never was I, since I set out a knight-errant to fight the world behind my more than seven-folded shield of dissimulation, so truly in danger of being discovered; and thou knowest it is with me, as with what the world calls a much better man,

“ He

“He that filches from me my *good name*,  
 “Robs me of that which not enriches him”  
 “And makes *Me* poor indeed.”

But, to come to the point, THORNTON,  
 I am almost at the end of my wits. HO-  
 RACE HOMESPUN pines for his absent  
 mate. MRS. LA MOTTE refuses to  
 come down; and urges HARRIET to re-  
 turn upon peril of instant discovery.  
 This very hour did I see such a packet  
 as astonished even *me*, who am not start-  
 led at trifles. LA MOTTE has written  
 with the pen of a SAPPHO dipt in the  
 ink of JUVENAL—Such asperity—such  
 acumen—such a sting in the tail o  
 every sentence! HORACE, too, hath  
 written—written, THORNTON, though  
 bed-ridden—full of endearment—full  
 of care—full of the husband. I called  
 in upon HARRIET in the very crisis of  
 my fate; she had the whole packet spread  
 upon the table before her, and had just

## 34 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

put the finishing to an epistle that would have completely ruined me for ever, had it been sent. I caught it from her with the eagerness of a lion, and I inclose it for thy inspection, that thou mayest judge of my situation; which is not at all mended by HARRIET's violent declaration of ungovernable passion and wish to live with me for ever. Oh! that women, could learn, like me, to gratify the passion of the hour, and think no more of it: but there is no seducing a woman into pleasure, but she is so cursedly grateful, as to hug the seducer for ever after, without any regard to time or to place. I have dined, too, at DELMORE's, and thrice caught the eye of FANNY. By my soul, the old fire is yet alive in her. I can see it will only be necessary to nurse the embers, and add fresh fuel. How the deuce came

she

she to marry? And how is it that, being married, she does not admire her husband, who is one of the finest figures in the creation!—As for HARRIET---she must be sent home to the pedant: there is no enduring either her fondness, or the perils arising from it. That damned LA MOTTE---forgive my ill-breeding, THORNTON; but that confounded woman will be my destruction. Adieu! Adieu! I must cast about for an expedient.

Your's,

PHILIP SEDLEY.

I.E.T.



## LETTER LXVII.

Mrs. HOMESPUN to Mrs. LA MOTTE.

(Inclosed by SEDLEY in the above.)

**B**y all the agonies of an injured and desperate woman, driven to the extreme by the pangs of conscience, and the violences of love, if you dare to betray me, I will make you rue the consequence, though I were to expire in the moment succeeding my revenge. You know my spirit—then fear it---dread it--- tremble before it. I will not be discovered without making the discoverer pay for her treachery, even with the blood of her heart. I have not closed my eyes since the beginning of  
the

the week: I am in a fever: I twice fell against the wainscot this afternoon. SEDLEY looks colder than he did, but I love him better than either fame, fortune, food, or existence: his manner---his address---his figure---his obligingness, even yet charm me. I pity HORACE---I love you---indeed I do---I could do any thing for either of you, but leave the sight of Mr. SEDLEY---I own---I own it. Take care then---do not sport with me: do not abuse the trust I have put in you; for once again I do most solemnly vow a resentment that shall exchange your *life* for the loss of my fame.

Farewel.

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LET

## LETTER LXVIII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

CHESTERFIELD is a cheat; I am now sure of it, Mr. SEDLEY. His system is not productive of bosom-felicity: it cannot procure the best of all applauses, or the approbation that results from a congratulating conscience, however it may deceive the world into encomium. Alas! Sir, what are the successes of hypocrisy, or policy, or whatever else you please to call it, when, after all, the incense and enjoyment you receive from the public is paid to our conduct, not as it really is, but as it *appears* to be; and when even after the luckiest efforts of our delusions—when we have put the happiest

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 39

of his precepts in practice---we are condemned to that reflecting hour, which, at some time or another will seize us, and which, in despite of manner and pretence, will have its full measure of recriminating asperity? In the shame of my heart, SEDLEY, let me own to thee, that I have been labouring to throw even the guarded virtue of Mrs. VERNON off its bias. I startled her for the moment, but she recollected herself time enough to prevent her misfortune, and I have had address enough to turn the accident to my advantage: she believes me honest, and she shall find me so. I have not now time to relate the particulars of this---nor is it, perhaps, necessary---but I seriously wish I could inspire you with any degree of those feelings I at this moment enjoy from having totally discarded STANHOPE, and listened to the voice of VIRTUE.

Farewel.

JAMES THORNTON.



20 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

LETTER LXIX.

SEDLEY TO THORNTON.

Sir,

**Y**OUR eternal reverberation of musty maxims becomes troublesome. I did not adopt the plan of DORMER STANHOPE, without sufficiently considering every part of it; and if you can find no other subject of discussion than the old ragged, thread-bare, common-place topics of *Vice* and *Virtue*, I must beg that our correspondence may be brought to a period. As to what has past---If I did not know your sense of friendship, it would be necessary to cut your throat: as it is, I wish you happy in your pursuits

I am your's,

PHILIP SEDLEY.

JAMES THORNTON

LET

LETTER LXX

Mrs. HOMESPUN TO Mrs. LA MOTTE.

I WILL at all events be with you to-morrow: the torment that sat brooding over my pillow last night---the horrors of my dream --the situation and trembling that seizes me as I write this---the poor little wretch that seems troubled within me--all--all conjoin to draw me home---I can stay no longer here---Tell HORACE of my design, and depend on its being put into execution, by

Your

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

LET-

## LETTER LXXI.

PHILIP SEDLEY, Esq; to the Reverend  
HORACE HOMESPUN.

Dear and Reverend Sir,

I HAVE with infinite pleasure obeyed the injunctions suggested by Mrs. LA MOTTE, in hinting to Mrs. HOMESPUN your anxiety for her return. She heard me with great patience, and very readily consented to go to a husband whom she so tenderly esteems. I design to see her properly provided with a chaise, and every thing necessary to the delicacy of her situation; and I most heartily pray for your returning health.

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 43

health. I hope you will forgive my having sent your lady, my fair charge, home, without my attending her; but you will reflect on the world's apititude to asperse and censure, and on that account forgive: for the same reason, I have advised Mrs. HOMESPUN to go in the middle of the day, that even a colour might not be given to the ready tongue of detraction. Though Mrs. HOMESPUN will be with you a few hours after this, yet I could not forbear anticipating your felicity, though it should even be but for a moment.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-



LETTER LXXII.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUEN to  
PHILIP SEDLEY, Esq.

Sir,

**T**HOUGH I am every minute  
looking out for HARRIET, and have sent  
my servant to the corner of the town to  
welcome her, and tell her I am made  
better by the expectation of seeing her,  
yet I cannot, in duty, refuse dispatching  
to you my thanks for your most generous  
and affectionate arguments and care.  
No words are equal to such subjects. I  
can only say to you, that you have made  
a sick man well, and a husband happy,  
and

and that I pay you the acknowledgment  
of a tear. As to your reward---that,  
Sir, is placed *beyond* me: it is above,  
and must be given to you only by the  
Father of *all* recompence.

I am, Sir,

With a grateful heart,

Your most humble servant,

HORACE HOMESPUN,

LET-

## LETTER LXXIII.

THORNTON TO SEDLEY.

**C**RUEL SEDLEY--- how couldst thou treat me so harshly? But I will neither quit urging the subject of Virtue, or painting the horrors of Vice; nor will I bring my epistolary correspondence to a period. What! have I myself escaped from the snare, and shall I see the foot of a friend ready to be entrapped, yet not endeavour to rescue him? Forbid it, fidelity; forbid it, honour! Yes, SEDLEY, as I continue to love, I will persevere to admonishing; for, in earnest repetition, I declare to thee, that I am certain, all the finesse of thy CHESTERFIELD is unable to purchase the  
delightful

delightful and soothing pleasures resulting from *my* present and new-adopted system, which I am not ashamed to tell thee (although it is repugnant to thine) is borrowed from the Scriptures: it runs thus, SEDLEY---“Do, as thou wouldst with others should do unto thee.” This is most palpably the sentiment of true policy as well as true honesty; and I am every day more and more persuaded, that nothing but this will, in the end, prevail. There is a moment, my dear, dissipated SEDLEY, in which, though thou wert to wear the mask of forty years success, thou must perforce lay it aside, and appear in all the nakedness of Nature. And can there, I ask thee, can there possibly be a more hideous sight than a hypocrite unveiled, when deformity can no longer hide itself from observation, when fraud shall be traversed through all its meandering intricacies even to its foul and polluted



48 THE JUPH. OF PLEASURE.

polluted source, and the very heart shall be displayed, without subterfuge, without concealments, without a possibility of being on its *own* guard, or throwing *others off theirs*? By the bye, SEDLEY, that sentiment, borrowed (as I perceive many of thine are) from the pernicious volumes of thy darling theorist, is subversive of all fair dealing in business, true affection in our connections with the other sex, and ingenuoussness of manners in *all human situations*.

The Lieutenant is not yet returned, but he hath sent two letters, of which, for certain reasons, I have procured the favour of copies, to inclose you. If thou hast a single minute to spare from the prosecution of thy ruinous system, read them; and if, after that, thou art not made better---if they want efficiency to check thee in the pursuit of pleasure,  
through

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 49

through the bounds both of law and humanity — farewell to every hope of feeling, farewell to all that ornaments the real gentleman, farewell to manhood. The first is addressed to me, the second to Mrs. VERNON. On the receipt of mine, which was the very day of my trial to ruin the fair subject of it, judge what I felt: you know my sensibility, and can imagine thy THORNTON's situation when it is poignantly wounded.

## LETTER LXXIV.

Lieutenant VERNON to Mr. THORNTON.

My dear Benefactor,

**G**UESS how easily your former favour sat upon my heart, by my readiness to receive from you another! I had more reasons than you yet know of for inviting you to my villa, and it was those reasons that prevented me from inviting my SOPHIA to partake of the excursion. To tell you the plain truth, my friend, I have more policy than business in this excursion. I have lately had offers of preferment—To speak openly, I can have the command of a company, upon joining General —

in AMERICA. The half-pay of a lieutenant, you know, sir, is not sufficient to, even a man of moderation: my wife's private fortune I have very strictly settled upon herself, as a sort of comfortable security against unfortunate contingencies: I think myself no more entitled to touch the interest of this, than I would infringe upon a property in trust, which, after my decease, was to be the only certain resource of the person under my guardianship. Another point is, my own thirst of glory. I was trained very early to the exercise of arms, and although I continued to starve upon my ensigncy for near twenty years—(I weep with joy, sir, when I think upon the generous means by which I became a Lieutenant)—yet the ardours of military ambition are by no means extinguished. I declare to you, Mr. THORNTON, even blest as I now am.



in a competent income, presented to me with the hand of SOPHIA—in the full possession, too, of SOPHIA herself—I cannot, even at this time, hear the beat of a drum without feeling my heart bound at the alarm. In a word, I design to go to the field, and accept the promotion. I am one of those who side with that party which considers the dignity of Britain insulted by America. I was bred a soldier, and taught even from my cradle (for my father had won his laurels) to feel all the delicacies of martial majesty. In my opinion, sir, the Sovereign of these realms is injured: his injuries are mine: it is enough for a soldier to believe his cause is just. I perceive many of my old comrades have voluntarily drawn the sword, while mine is gathering rust in its sheath. I drew it, Mr. THORNTON, last night, out of the scabbard, and upon  
 examin-

examining the blade I saw a spot, a lazy spot of inactivity, destroying the noble keenness of its edge. By my soul I felt myself blush at it, nor can I be ever easy—ever forgive myself—till I have at once wiped away the shame, and the spot, as it becomes my station. Now then, Mr. THORNTON, we are to come to the point—a point of all others in the world the most delicate.—SOPHIA, my poor SOPHIA, must, must—Excuse me, dear THORNTON, excuse a blot which my weakness has, I see, made upon the paper——A tender woman will at any time unsoldier the boldest of us. But, fie upon it! fie upon it! it was the infirmity but of a moment: “I am a man again.” In short, sir, my wife knows nothing of my intention, and I do not know how to break the matter to her. She has peculiar gentleness of heart, and will, I am

convinced, feel the severest pangs at parting. This is the first time since our marriage that I have slept from her side, and I wish much to know how she has supported it: if tolerably well, she may, perhaps, be brought to bear the thoughts of a longer absence; and, in that case, I would have you gradually open the design to her, of which, indeed, I distantly hint in my letter to her. The worst of it is, Mr. THORNTON, women are so apt to associate, with the duty of a soldier, such horrid ideas of death, broken bones, groans, and cannon-balls, that they give a man over the moment he marches from their embraces to front the enemies of their country: however, let us not blame the softness that was designed to soothe us, to polish our ruggedness, and harmonise our natures. The drift of my letter is evident to you. SOPHIA must know

know it: the summer is advancing: many of our troops are midway betwixt the contending countries: some of them are arrived at the theatre of the war. I have but a few days to spare. Dalliances must in no wise be indulged: they are too effeminating: I dare not trust myself with them. My absence is propitious to the disclosure. You are not unskilled in argument: you want not the advantages of persuasive eloquence: to you, therefore, I trust the tranquillity of a wife's bosom—Inspire her, if possible, my worthy THORNTON, with the duty she owes to my character, which longer idleness would utterly oblivate. Awake in her those sparks which I hope even a female nature sometimes experiences—the sparks of patriotism. But if you find this impracticable—at least obtain her consent to my departure, and sup-



56 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

port her sinking spirits with the hopes of my return, and with the the expectation of the honours, rewards, and various distinctions which will *then* attend me. These are the points I leave to my good THORNTON—and I am his

Most faithful servant,

CÆSAR VERNON.

T. E. L.

LETTER LXXV.

Lieutehant VERNON to Mrs. VERNON.

DEAR SOPHY,

I FIND business will engage me from pleasure (that is, from your society) longer than I at first believed: but you are, I know, too well established in the moral duties, to repine at what is necessary to be done, even though your acquiescence is to be attended with some inconveniences. Nay, I am not sure, whether, if at any time my country should require me in the way of my profession, you are not heroine enough to lend those arms to your King, which, were they in such an exigence reluctant, would be wholly unworthy

worthy to encircle yours.—I shall never forget the glorious week we passed together soon after our union, when we made a purchase of Mr. POPE's version of HOMER, and employed our long delightful evenings in reading him through. Do you recollect with what earnestness we attended every hero in his progress? How we joined in the resentment of ACHILLES, detested the injustice of AGAMEMNON, and pleaded the cause of the good old father of the fair CHRISEIS? Pray call to mind with how much ardour we followed HECTOR to the field; how much we despised the pusillanimous, hare-hearted PARIS; and though we pitied the drooping ANDROMACHE—though we wept over her woes—yet we should have felt for her still more, had she not endeavoured to detain the warrior from his duty. Nor can you help recollecting with how much pleasure

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 59

pleasure---a pleasure that was radiant in your dear eyes, SOPHIA---you heard of the various victories achieved and related by the narrative NESTOR: of his triumphant returns to his native country after the laurels of conquest were waving in his helmet, while the patriotic virgins were scattering in his path the incense of the Spring, and the emulous youths bowed to the victor, and sang the song of success before him. Before we had reached the Twelfth Book, you was half a hero, and, with the shield and buikler of MINERVA (her *wisdom* is already in your possession), you would now be fit to take the field, arrange the file, and inspirit at once by your courage and beauty, the soldiers of your *own* CÆSAR. Do you know, SOPHY, that I am child enough to be vain of the name that was given me by my godfathers and godmothers? There



is a conquest in the found, and I have a soul that pants, I must confess, to be ranked amongst the ROMAN CÆSARS. But, SOPHIA, I am only a disbanded, unemployed lieutenant, and the little glory that I gained from the field in the days of my youth, is now entirely faded; and, without one mark of the sword—without one *apologizing* scar, by which might be seen the necessity of retreat, I am withering in the eye of my King and country, and shall after a few years fall into an inglorious grave, and be no more remembered.

At a villa in SUSSEX, through which I passed, and where I stopped to dine, I was told of a mansion, which strangers usually went to survey, the property of a veteran officer, whom I fought with, side by side, in the first battle that bled my arm: I have a thousand times mentioned him to you, under the well-known

known name of FRAZER. The old man hath left two of his limbs in different parts of the globe: FRANCE hath the honour of his arm, and his right leg adorns the plains of MINDEN: but the trunk is whole and seems to have acquired fresh vigour from lopping the branches. Hardihood hath settled the rose of high health on his cheek; the sun hath seasoned his complexion to the heat of the Torrid Zone; and the hair of his head is like the whiteness of a hermit's beard, that spreads itself beyond the girdle. He knew me at the first sight, and pressed my hand with an honest roughness that denoted sincerity:—but on seeing me still *able*, and in the force of youth, at least of middle age, he contracted his brow, and seemed to ask me, by his look, what I did basking here at home? In the enthusiasm of his martial veneration, which

62 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

which rises to every thing but idolatry, he hath at his own expence erected in his garden little monumental ornaments to the memory of his favourite heroes. BRITANNIA was on one side, weeping over WOLFE; and on the other, the figure of PUBLICK TRANQUILLITY offering the olive-branch to CUMBERLAND. Not a warrior of any celebrity but had at least a bust, a pedestal, or an inscription. And upon my taking notice of a vacant nich in the center of the garden, the Major struck it with his cane, and exclaimed, In the name of Honour, VERNON, why wilt thou not give an old friend the opportunity to fill this gap of glory with *another* of the CÆSARS? I felt at this instant, SOPHY, a flush in my cheeks, and, as we returned together into his house (which is in the taste of fortifications), to drink

his

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 63

his Majesty's health, I perceived the  
tear of repressed ambition descending,  
and my old friend pronounced it a *drop*  
*of promise.*

I am, my dear SOPHY,

Your own,

CÆSAR VERNON.

Mr.



Mr. THORNTON, in Continuation.

I WILL now suppose, SEDLEY, that thou hast read these letters. Are they not indications of a mind busied in schemes superior to thine? While Mr. VERNON is anxious to serve his country, thou art exerting thyself to disgrace it: while he is desirous to obtain the consent of a beloved and beautiful wife, to suffer his absence in consideration of his glory, thou art CHESTERFIELDING it how thou mayest dishonour beauty, without admitting the very ideas of love. What measures are taken, in consequence of these epistles, thou shalt know in my next. In the interim, may CÆSAR'S example fire thy imitation; and  
if

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 65

if thou *wilt* copy, mayst thou copy so  
worthy an original, at least in the noble-  
ness of his sentiments.

Farewel.

LET-

66 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

LETTER. LXXVI.

SEDLEY TO THORNTON.

(Before the Receipt of the above.)

I FIND it impossible to conquer the habits of loving, and communicating to thee my sentiments. There is a philtre in an old friendship that cannot easily be destroyed. Pardon my rash sayings therefore. Preach till thou art weary; and only allow me the liberty of reposing with thee all my enterprizes.

What course I am to take in the present crisis, Heaven only can tell. Such an accident has happened as totally confounds me. In conformity to my promise,

promise, I dispatched HARRIET to the languishing pedant; but she had scarce got, as I understand, five miles on her way, when the cursed postilion, willing to shew his dexterity (according to their villainous custom) by driving like a devil through the village, at a short turn, or rather angle in the road, overturned the chaise, fell himself from the saddle, and set the horses a-going, while the poor HARRIET was dragged along the earth, with her body half out of the chaise-window, till a countryman caught the off horse by the bridle, and put a stop to the career. She was carried into a little dirty-looking inn, almost speechless; and, as she informs me, with an arm tore by the glass, which was unfortunately drawn up, scribbled an almost unintelligible line to request I would hasten to see her before she died. The postboy brought me  
the



## 68 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

the note, trembling like a leaf and white as a shirt, protesting most fervently that he could not help the accident. I knew not what to do: I hesitated—dreaded the consequence—wrote a hurried line to poor HORACE, without feeling either the pen or paper—called for a taper, without thinking that I wanted wax—sent it to the post by the boy—and then ordered my horses. The cursed landlord, who is ever alarmed at the sound of a hoof, in expectation of fresh prey, now detected my disorder, and set every wheel at work to find out the cause: “He was sorely sorry to see me uneasy; would do any thing in his power; hoped nothing material was the matter—Could he do any thing?—he was concerned to see me in such confusion—would do a great deal to serve so worthy a gentleman—*mayhap* I was taken ill—*mayhap* my friends was sick

in

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 69

in LONDON—my wife—my aunt—my uncle — Some law-suit, *may be*, had gone wrong, or *summut* or other was most *sartinly* the matter.” My servant came with my horses to the door, and the persecutor began again:—“ Good lack, good lack, what can be the *'casion* of this! Was I going away?—Was I obliged to leave BUXTON?—MARTHA, where's the gentleman's little account? How sorry he was again!”

In short, THORNTON, I was obliged to escape *him* and my rising rage by rushing into a little slip of ground behind his house, where, under pretence of picking a few pinks that straggled poverty-struck about the beds, I cast about what was to be done. In this manner I argued with myself: If I go to HARRIET, the affair will certainly be suspected: for how came I so interested in this lady's misfortune! If I do *not* go  
it

70 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

it will be barbarous--but then I have sent to her husband, and home is the best and fittest place for a sick woman ---- Upon the whole, I thought it not proper nor political to go; and, as to writing, I dare not give way to my sentiments, for a discovered letter is irrecoverable perdition. Upon my return into the house, I found the rascally landlord tampering for intelligence with the post-boy who had come upon the saddle-horse, with the tangled traces still about his back—I had well nigh broke out again. Thomas, who stays with me, although married, till I can suit myself, looked as if he suspected the matter---the landlord muttered forth a million pities, and talked of our being all mortal, and liable to accidents--the postboy said his horses were cut, as I saw, all to pieces, and his chaise shattered in the pannels.

I could

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 71

I could STANHOPE it no longer: Curse your horses, chaise, and pannels, all together! said I---get out of my sight, and leave me to myself: a lady is dying, and you are prating about your damn'd pannels--Tom, take away the horses--You, postboy, stop till I write a note to the lady, to let her know that I have written to her husband.

I would have gone in to write.

The landlord again struck up: "Had not the lady better come back to my house Sir? The journey to Mr. HOMESPUN'S will be too far in her present condition."--Pray, Mr. WYNGOOD, said I, suffer me to do as I please. The man was piqued at the *\*sight*, and I verily believe will never forgive me. However, I wrote a note to HARRIET to the following purport, and ordered the postboy to carry it as fast as possible.

\* See CHESTERFIELD.

To



To Mrs. HOMESPUN.

Madam,

**I** AM unfeignedly sorry at your misfortune: the moment I became acquainted with it, I sent to Mr. HOMESPUN, who will be with you, no doubt, the moment he is able to ride there. I hope most sincerely no ill effects will ensue from this distressing accident; and I have some little consolation in understanding, by the messenger, that an apothecary resides in the village where it happened, and that the art of a surgeon is not necessary. With the warmest wishes for your speedy recovery, I am,

Madam,

Your most humble servant,

PHILIP SEDLEY.

I had two reasons, THORNTON, for shewing this, prior to my sending it, to the landlord: in the first place, I wanted to regain his friendship, that is you know, according to my system, his good word, by an act of confidence; and, in the next, as this was, upon the whole, a mysterious affair, and I could not tell the issue of it, such a letter (written, as thou perceivest it is, even in the midst of hurry, with a pen of policy) might do me good, should the matter be hereafter canvassed at the bath; WYNGOOD being, as I before told thee, the greatest gossip of the country.

By this time, I conjecture, my messenger has delivered the note. Unluckily I have to sup this evening at the DELMORES, Sir HENRY being never happy without me. Very, very unfit am I at present to figure or sustain myself in company; or, not to disguise matters with you, I

LEY. VOL. II. E am

74 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

am not insensible to this misfortune of poor HARRIET, nor could I see the injury done to her bewitching form, without a sigh. But, however, I am equal to all events, and must carry on with vigor what I have begun with spirit: otherwise, I should retreat with disgrace; and for aught I can tell, take refuge from the horrors of despair by the aid of a trigger. Pray, my dear THORNTON, against these horrible resources.

I am

Yours,

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET.

## LETTER LXXVII.

SEDDLEY TO THORNTON.

IF thou wert surpris'd at the contents of my last, prepare, ere thou perusest the present, for fresh wonders. I was just set down to the card-table at the DELMORES, to pass the interval betwixt the tea and the supper, when THOMAS, upon the full gallop, and with tokens of terror in his countenance, delivered me the inclosed billet, which, had it been delivered in the presence of the company, would have betrayed me forever to the eyes of this piercing family: but luckily the footman came to say that my servant waited my orders. Pray read the billet before thou goest any farther.



The inclosed Billet.

To Mr. SEDLEY.

Most inhuman SEDLEY.

I HAVE ordered myself, on the receipt of your letter, to be taken out of my bed, and brought hither, in defiance of the Doctor, and at the risque of my life, chiefly indeed because I would see, before the last event, and once more kiss the hand of the still dear, but most barbarous PHILIP SEDLEY. I write in agony, but am still

Your

HARRIET HOMESPUN.

It was with a difficulty equal to the struggles betwixt life and death, that I supported myself from sinking under this

this intelligence: I had however sufficient presence of mind to return to the company, and make excuses with some degree of coherence; after which I mounted the reeking horse, and, ordering TOM to follow me, went upon the full-stretch to my lodgings. At my entrance into the parlour I found HARRIET in a strong hyfteirc; and upon her recovery we had her put into a warm bed. She is perfectly *mangled* THORNTON: her fine face is gashed with wounds; and the landlady tells me that other parts of her person have sustained their share of bruises. To mend the matter, I have received a long epistle from FANNY MORTIMER, which was delivered with as much peculiarity as thou wilt find in the sentiments. After dinner the whole family rambled into the garden, and as I was passing near Mrs. MORTIMER, along the shade of a

small shrubbery that affected to serpentine, she, with her own hand, bade me look at that paper: I folded it in my bosom, and bowed; and, just as she desired, no one perceived it. I have not attempted to answer it, nor can I shew myself decently till I have the reply in my pocket. This cursed affair of HARRIET unfits me for adventure: however, I send you the letter, and must think what is to be done. HARRIET is, I find by the landlady, in a doze—I rather think agony closes the eye, and that she is unable to speak. The Doctor is preparing his plaisters, and a Physician who attends the bath is sent for. What measure can I possibly take with respect to HORACE? and I am not without fears myself. 'Sdeath, THORNTON, is there never a case in point? I must consult my AUTHOR. Adieu!

LETTER

LETTER LXXVIII.

Mrs. MORTIMER to Mr. SEDLEY.

Sir,

AN address from me, under my peculiar situation, will no doubt alarm you: but forms and ceremonies must all yield to irresistible exigences. I find it necessary to the peace of my mind to write to you. The accident, Sir, that brought us together at SCARBOROUGH, when your visits to me were very frequent, and, as a single woman, I confess not disagreeable, is recollected with some anxiety. You were then at some pains to convince me I had made an impression on your sensibility, and certain sentiments were interchanged, which it



80 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

would be, at this period, highly improper to repeat. It may not be amiss, however, to observe that prior to your quitting SCARBOROUGH, you did not omit exerting your utmost talents (and they are not inconsiderable, Mr. SEDLEY) to engage the heart. How far you succeeded, it is not *now* material to enquire. Be that as it may, my health has been gradually on the decline from that hour to this. It is now some months since I gave my hand to Mr. MORTIMER, than whom there never lived a better character, or a tenderer husband. He was educated under the eye of my father, who seemed so wrapt up in the ideas of making him still nearer to his family, that, as he thought proper to address me, I could not deny from duty, what possibly I should have refused to every thing else. In a word, Sir, my worthy father's heart was in the match,

and

and it is impossible for a child to disappoint the wishes of *such* a parent. The softness, delicacy, and gentleness of Mr. MORTIMER's behaviour has ever been uniform and exact: and although it has pleased Heaven to continue my indisposition, and indeed rather to increase than abate it, yet he has not suffered my languor to relax his animated assiduities, but has acted, both by day and by night, the double part of nurse and husband. Peculiarly unlucky do I account the destiny by which you and I, Sir, meet again: not that I have the least traces of affection for your person, being really attached to Mr. MORTIMER, by duty, and upon principle. At the same time, Sir, I cannot but own, your presence gives me uneasiness, and uneasiness of any kind I am not now equal to. You have, I see, recommended yourself to my father more warmly than ever;

my sister thinks very highly of you; Mr. MORTIMER is loud in your praises; and even my mother, who is not easily attracted, speaks of you with ardour. As my situation is sufficiently sacred to exclude every possible hope, nay, as I dare presume your own connections have, by this time, led your inclinations into a more proper channel, I will venture to talk to you with the freedom of a friend. To speak plainly then, Mr. SEDLEY, there is a point in which you may still oblige me—it is this: that you would enter as seldom into this House as is consistent with a resolution, which I earnestly beg you will take, of withdrawing yourself from this family.—Do it leisurely, but at all events let it be done. Ah! Mr. SEDLEY, pity the perturbation of an uneasy mind. Before you came, I could at least conceal agitation, and submit to the silent depredations

dations of my distemper. Every tear  
 I then shed---every sigh that then stole  
 from me---was attributed to the una-  
 voidable risings and sinkings of a con-  
 sumptive habit. But within these few  
 days I have had some conflicts, and e-  
 very one of them adds to my weakness,  
 to hide--a something that preys upon my  
 heart. To account to you for this is need-  
 less. If you have the least suggestion  
 that it is occasioned by your appearance,  
 let it interest your humanity--your ho-  
 nour--your compassion--in my cause;  
 and do not, Mr. SEDLEY, render more  
 exquisitely wretched the last hours of a  
 fate at the best unenviable, and not sus-  
 tained without a sorrow that is hastening  
 its object to the tomb. Go, then, I  
 conjure you. Leave me to the protec-  
 tion of a generous family---of a dear  
 sister---of a son--husband. It is not---  
 I feel it is not possible that I should long  
 live



live amongst them. Let me not shew Mr. MORTIMER that I gave myself to him as to the friend and darling youth of my father---let me not---alas! Mr. SEDLEY---what have I said! Pardon me---pity me---oblige me---leave me. As your stay at the bath cannot be of consequence; and as the floridness of your complexion---the lustre of your eyes---the ease in your air---all assure me your pursuit is mere amusement, I intreat you to change your route--fix it at SCARBOROUGH---BATH---MARGATE---any where, so as you will but leave this place. I look at you with anguish—I know your rap at the door---I distinguish your step---and, though I feel the impropriety—the crime—the shame—of being disturbed, I cannot bear it.—Contrive, therefore, and that instantly, to begin your task of dissolving the connexion here. Permit me to enjoy the  
 little

little serenity that a wasting sickness admits. The poor pittance of ease which that allows of do not you destroy. As I saw the intimacy betwixt you and my family daily increasing, nay, as you have been almost constantly at this house for the last week, I could contrive no other way of addressing you but by writing an honest explicit letter, which, I have now done, with many interruptions both from pain, fatigue, and the fear of being seen—but chance has favoured me, and I have unbosomed the secret of my soul undiscovered. Think not, however, that I mean to enter into a correspondence. Take a week to withdraw with the elegance becoming your character: during which time I will, as hitherto, endeavour to support myself as an acquaintance, although it is sufficiently shocking that I should be re-

*duced,*

*duced*, even to a moment's disguise. If you are not disengaged from us by that period, I have no other refuge than a constant retreat to my sick chamber, whenever you visit us: and if this should, in the end, occasion suspicion, and the cruel, unconquerable prepossession I entertain be ever discovered, you will remember that to *your* injustice must be imputed the consequences, even though the best of parents should be made miserable, the worthiest sister partake their anxiety, and the kindest of husbands fall a victim to the apparent ingratitude of

FRANCES MORTIMER.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

GOD of Heaven, SEDLEY! what a wretch of Adamant art thou! The disaster of the poor HARRIET, and the pleadings of the pathetic FANNY, have almost exhausted the source of my tears. Consult thy author, indeed! Consult thy *heart*--consult thy conscience--if thou hast the least touch of Nature in thee--of Nature yet undebauched by the treacherous DORMER---consult *that*--listen to it---admit its oratory,---obey it. What shalt thou do!---Art thou at a loss to know what to do?---Do what is *right*. Quit this instant any farther invasions of FANNY's quiet---search the wide earth for medicine and medicinal people



people for the hapless HARRIET—comfort the sad soul of the agonized HORACE——watch the dawn of his wife's recovery——throw CHESTERFIELD and all his works into the fire——execrate the name of EUGENIA——and return, return upon the spur of speed, to LONDON and thy THORNTON. But as I shall probably touch thee more by example than precept, take the continuation of my transactions in the worthy Lieutenant's family, and consider well a scene which may be held up in blessed contrast to *thine*.

Scarce had SOPHIA read her husband's letter, but she wrote an answer, of which I send you a faithful copy.

To Lieutenant VERNON.

My dear, ambitious CÆSAR,

**T**HOUGH I am no friend to the devastations of war, I am warmly so  
to

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 89

to the dignity of my husband's character; nor can I bear to see his laurels withered, by the childish and emasculating fears and delays of a wife. Yes, my dear CÆSAR, you are--I feel that you are--only a disbanded Lieutenant. I am not insensible to the reproach in that observation. But why--cruel VERNON--why is our little fortune locked up so, as to deny us the pleasure of making a purchase so infinitely to our credit? May Heaven long keep you from the perils of battle! but you are mistaken, if you think there are not *some* women who can be tender, without being weak. Our sex is disgraced by the general affectation of it. We are flattered into a notion that we are prettiest in our delicate pretences, and most lovely in distress. But our minds are not all formed or cultured alike; and, for

for *my* part, I had not married a foldier, if I had not designed that he should sustain the duties of his station: and you will recollect, that Capt. BLESSINGTON, *my* father, in martial prowess yields not the palm even to *yours*. Mr. THORNTON and I, both wish your business may soon permit your return to the pleasures of SURRY; and we both also concur to venerate the name of FRASER: but, whatever honours may be in store for my CÆSAR, may the nitch of the Major be many, many years unoccupied, if it is kept sacred to the memory of Lieutenant VERNON. Thus prays zealously

His affectionate wife,

SOPHIA VERNON.

There, SEDLEY---there's a woman! the intrepidity of a man, blended with  
all

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 91

all the vitues and elegances of her sex,  
and yet may I perish if I ever again at-  
tempt her destruction! On the contrary,  
I derive joy, real joy, from hearing her  
sing forth the praises of CÆSAR: I join  
in the panygeric. I improve by her  
superior capacity, and though all the  
graces are in her train, and she seems  
formed to every purpose of extacy---  
has black eyes---an inviting shape---  
an air of breeding, and features per-  
fectly symmetrical---yet I can now be  
contented to admire her beauty, and  
hear the sallies of her wit, without a  
single endeavour to make her *pay for*  
*pleasing me*, at the expence of her chas-  
tity.

Adieu.

P. S.

Act like aman, and God prosper thee.

I. E. T.



## LETTER LXXX.

SEDLEY TO THORNTON.

**H**ORROR upon horrors, THORNTON! HORACE is come! He arrived at midnight. My letter found him in bed. He hurried on his cloaths, took his pad from the stable, and hath travelled thirty miles through the rain to see his HARRIET. I was up and musing in my chamber as he came---I unbarred the door---he hugged me---thanked me---kissed me---kneeled down to me, and with an air and look of distraction, desired to be directed to his wife. I shewed him her chamber, and let the consequence be what it will, I must stand it out.

As

As to FANNY MORTIMER, not the whole congregated world should save her from my embraces. Oh, earth and Heaven! THORNTON, she is the most attracting form that ever died a death of gentleness. Then she is such a contrast to the full-formed HARRIET——so slim——so soft of spirit——an eye so borne down by modesty to the earth——her eye-lashes so silken, so curved——the bow of the Heavens cannot match the archings of her brow——her hair is glossy——so abundant——such a luxury in its various folds——her very languors are delicious——and as she put the letter into my hand, her palm struck mine upon the tremble——the murmur of love was in the sigh that *then* broke from her bosom, and the teeth through which it passed were purer than snow.

Away

Away then with melancholy ideas: I pity HARRIET, but I must--I *will* possess FANNY MORTIMER, thou I were to die in the effort.

Adieu.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

LETTER LXXXI.

The REVEREND HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. LA MOTTE.

My dear madam.

OUR poor HARRIET is forely  
hurt--but she received me kindly: the  
ear that she let fall upon my hand, I  
have suffered to dry, without wiping it  
away. The physician is to be here to-  
morrow, and then you shall know more.  
HARRIET asked me several times if I  
was well--I told her I was; and yet  
Heaven knows, I am in a fever at this  
moment, for I have not been able to  
close



## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

close my eyes, and I was wetted through the shirt in my journey. My wife seems to have chiefly suffered in the face and arms, I therefore hope the less danger.

Adieu.

I am your real friend,

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LET

## LETTER LXXXII.

Miss DELIA DELMORE to Lady LUCY  
SAXBY.

EVERY moment in the day affords some fresh and beautiful instance of my noble father's wisdom and affection. About an hour after tea this evening, while Sir HENRY was enjoying his serene summer-walk, as he calls it, WILLIAM brought a pencilled card, and delivered it to me. It was to advise with him (Sir HENRY) about some concerns essential to the general welfare. Even my little brother and sister, CHARLES and CAROLINE, (who are down with us,) were mentioned in this invitation: the card requested the company of all the family, adding, that, as the evening was delightful, his mind composed, and no-

ET. Vol. II. F body

98 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

body but ourselves, at present, in the house, he much desired that we might all have a share in the general serenity. How prettily, my dear Lucy, how persuasively this exalted parent proposes, as a pleasure, what his authority might command as a duty! But it is among the number of his excellent maxims, that none but froward spirits do well with compulsion, and that a frank and ingenuous tenderness hath in it equal weight and satisfaction.

The conversation past in the garden, under the shade of hawthorns, laurels, and filberts: there is a white bench under it; and a sort of natural arching, bower-fashion, made by the mixture of thick leaves and branches interwoven above. Hither we came in obedience to the summons: a group of relations loving and beloved. FANNY, who had

been

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 99

been amusing herself with the pen, (not having had strength for the pleasures of writing for some time,) came forward, delicate as angel meekness, with her young brother in one hand, and her little sister in the other. VENUS, with two of her attendant Graces, could not be more lovely, even though the distress of ill-health threw somewhat of languor into her air; but then it was a languor so soft, and a distress so gentle, that it only served the more to *feminize* (if you will allow the word), and to recommend her to the spectator as a more pathetic, interesting figure.

Sir HENRY was at first sitting somewhat pensively, with an opened letter in his hand—my mother by his side, leaning her arm on one of the corners of the bench, and reposing her cheek within her hand—the true posture of meditation.



tion. They both rose at our approach. Mr. MORTIMER and I went up first; then FANNY, and her twin cherubs; we were a little alarmed, but this was soon dissipated by Sir HENRY, who, seating us all on the bench, drew a green garden-chair from an adjoining shade, placing himself opposite to us, and, with a smile of ineffable benignity, in which the parent and the friend shone beautifully blended, he paid each of us a varied compliment, on our obedience to his wishes, and addressed us to this effect:

“I have requested your company, my dear and worthy children, to engage your filial attention on several of the most important events of human life. I have, indeed, for sometime, had a design to summon you together on this subject, but care, company, and amusement, have thrown their attraction

tions or interruptions hitherto in the way of my wishes. I have, however, fixt upon this evening of leisure to deliver to you the secrets of my heart, and in mine are included those of the best of wives, and tenderest of mothers."

Lady DELMORE drew her spread fingers across her face, and Sir HENRY repeating his panegyric, went on:

"I am happy, my dear relatives, to tell you in the first place—and let that serve as an encouragement to you—that I can look back upon a life of more than three-score years, with a tranquillity of retrospect, at the same time sincere, christian, and philosophic. The serenity of my soul is in no degree wounded by the criticism with which I review its conduct through the perilous voyage of my life, in which, by the care of

Heaven, I have escaped those quicksands that endanger our youth, and those rocks which alarm us in age. But that which I account far the richest indulgence of Providence, is that dear prospect which I now behold in the persons of this beauteous circle—a circle filled with the pledges of this generous creature's invariable fidelity, and the testimonies of my continent attachment to excellence so distinguished."

My mother rose, Lucy gave her hand to Sir HENRY, looked at him a moment—looked at him blooming even in age—sighed softly, and returned to her seat.

Sir HENRY proceeded:

"The season of infancy is past with most of you; and its pleasures are succeeded by reflections of a higher nature. Even this sweet pair—(*here he pointed*

*to my young brother and sister*)--are at the age of distinguishing, and the rest are mature. The blossoms of youth promise a generous fruitage. You, DELIA, have not yet been rewarded by the tenderness of such a man as my MORTIMER: yet the colour of your life will depend on the exchange of your name. Your mother's expectations, like mine, are sanguine, and extensive: our eyes are turned on your every action—We hope to see you all the supports of our declining age: our sun is about to set, and we wish its departure may be gilded by your virtues and indulgences.

“ The father of a family is at once a sublime and venerable character. My full heart dilates as I see myself encompassed by these charming portraits of ourselves.”

Here Lady DELMORE melted into  
F. 4 tears



tears of transport, but endeavoured to conceal them.

“ I can form to myself (continued my father) no ideas beyond it, nor many equal. Our family is at present the seat of integrity, unanimity, and mutual confidence. Our pleasures are reflected upon each other, and we reciprocally give and receive inimitable complacence. Yet we must be alarmed for those we love. Though the tenor of your conduct, and the gratitude of your tempers, make us less fearful of deviation, and though the maxims we have ever been industrious to inculcate make us more secure and inapprehensive, yet certain tremors will inevitably touch the bosom of a parent: be not displeased, therefore, my children, if I give you a few general precepts, for your establishment and adoption. They come sanctified to you  
with

with the venerable imprimatur of more than fifty years experience. The maxims which are necessary to regulate an ingenuous mind are neither multiplied nor intricate. The very corner-stone of a great character is a clear conscience: if you feel well, you will act well: and if you do not, all the talents in the world will only serve to torment you. Never wear a mask before your motives, but when it is absolutely necessary to the felicity of life, such as deceiving or rather bewitching, the unprincipled into virtue: some tempers cannot bear the plain Truth; she is too awful for them: be it then, in such particular cases, your parts, to lead them to her sacred temple by the most pleasing paths—Alleviate the apparent ruggedness, and length of the way, by such meanders as, though they seem to deviate, may assuredly bring you, by the fairest prospects,

pects, to the shrine of the Goddess.  
 —I have no objection to your adorning yourselves with all the attractions of exterior, such I mean as are reflected upon the character from dignity of manner, persuasion of voice, splendor of address, and elegance of air:

“Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.”

They will act like magic, and make the innocence both of your sentiment, and example, perfectly irresistible; and I beseech you to exert them in the cause of that truth and sobriety of heart I have recommended.—Make use of them to conciliate differences, to inspirit society, to embellish conversation, to soften the harshness of dispute, to animate attention; to please, to instruct, to entertain. To all these purposes they will be excellent, and ornamental. But beware of what a licentious and artful indulgence of them may possibly lead to—beware of

DUPPLICITY;

DUPPLICITY; of *that* duplicity, which so accoutered,—its destructive sword sheathed in politeness—its heart shielded by the impenetrable mail of gilded hypocrisy, is equal to the siege of a city, and might do more real *mischief* than all the efforts of a legion of avowed villainies. Of all earthly things, therefore, most detest, what is most to be dreaded, the system of a well-bred, high-polished, elegant deceiver: no eye can see him: no understanding detect him: no policy escape him. He comes in the form of a Seraph, and those who are themselves honest, cannot imagine that he is a Syren.

“ At your time of life it is hard, extremely hard, to master the predominant inclination: yet virtuous exercise will habituate the soul to the practice of uniform honour. To you, DELIA, I am now going to speak more particularly:



larly:----There is a passion, which, rightly directed, is the source of every noble and genuine greatness. FANNY and Mr. MORTIMER, I trust, are not insensible to it. May it affect you, DELIA, in the manner it has affected your mother—this excellent woman, whose regard for me was founded on principles that sustain the first of connections in its due elevation, and adorn the heart by the dictate of which, the hand is presented, with all that can give either spirit, elegance, or real transport, to conjugal engagements.

“Unadulterated as yet by the smallest commerce with dexterous dissimulation, pardon my alarms lest your innocence and simplicity should be the means of your misfortune. — That DISSIMULATION, which, under the fair disguise of attracting elegance, led forward by the Graces, cannot be detected, even at noon-day,

noon-day, is for ever on the watch; and I know nothing so dangerous as yielding too easily to the tenderness of a new-born passion. Do not, however, mistake me: my system is not rigid: it is not inconsistent with the natural feelings of a delicate disposition. I have given FANNY to one, in whose education and culture, I myself had a share; and that may shew you, DELIA, that I am no foe to the feelings of Love."

Here a sigh heaved gently the bosom of FANNY—I dare presume, it was the sigh of love, Lady Lucy.

"I wish, continued Sir HENRY, to see each of my children, a wife, or a husband, or a parent, and at the head of an infant society. I wish DELIA to have the man of her heart--Perhaps she has lately seen that man--Perhaps the accomplished Mr. SEDLEY——"

In

110 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

In this place FANNY began to complain the fat too long—and I was glad of the interruption, for you can't imagine how my cheek began to crimson: certainly *you* were talking of me, or---or---or what was it, Lucy?

Sir HENRY went on:

“I will not, DELIA, distress you. I see nothing at present objectionable. I will not enquire into this matter, 'till you judge it for your happiness to consult me; and 'till then, particular enquiries would be premature--perhaps improper. ---Only be circumspect: look well at the ground before you build on it the foundation of your happiness or misery. To adopt the language of SHAKESPEARE, “Wear your eye thus,” neither vacant, nor suspicious. In any case of emergency, while we live (tho' that cannot in common course of terrestrial

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. III

restrial decays be now long), honour me, or your mother with your confidence: and when we are no more, I beg all of you will trust to the affection of this worthy young man, our dear MORTIMER, who, having seen more of life, and the transactions of men, is the better able to promote happiness, and avert misery.— With these sentiments I trust you to your understandings, virtues, and tempers; with these precepts (which I have a particular reason now to urge) I trust you to discretion, œconomy, and fair-dealing. If I have been tedious, consider I am an old man: if I have dealt in repetitions—or if I have digressed—consider I am a father. Go, then, my children, cherish each other: avoid the path of Deceit—walk steadily in the way of Truth, even though the roses may not always be in bloom: satisfy the feelings of your own conscience; be merciful—be moderate, and be happy.”



112 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

As he ended, my dear Lady Lucy, he rose, while the big paternal tear was in his eye, embraced us round, and taking my mother by the hand, walked with her, arm in arm, into the house.

Oh! my friend, had ever children such parents! My heart is at this time so full of gratitude, wonder, and the daughter, that I can only add the esteemed name of

Your happy and highly-honoured

DELIA DELMORE.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIII.

THORNTON TO SEDLEY.

(Before the Receipt of SEDLEY's last.)

As thou hast not taken notice of any parts of my letters relating to the family of Mr. VERNON, I am in hopes thou art not quite unmoved by the generous virtues that are reciprocated between the worthiest pair I ever knew, and who have made me quite in love with matrimony. Yes, SEDLEY, do not start—I say sober matrimony; and should I get a certain young lady in the mind, who is now a visitant to Mrs. VERNON, and just arrived, I believe I should enter into the holy estate without hesitation, for I begin to believe, whatever

114 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

whatever thy Preceptor may say, that  
~~WED~~ded love is, after all, the most elevated  
of human connexions; nay, I have had  
several reasons since my residence here,  
to adopt the language of the poet, and  
pronounce that state the most delightful  
wherein

“ Thought meets thought, ere from the lips it  
part,

“ And each warm wish springs mutual from the  
heart.”

Never were souls more exactly in uni-  
son than those of the VERNONS. I pre-  
sent—for your emulation---another in-  
stance of it. Upon my unfolding the  
Lieutenant's design to his lady, she dis-  
patched a letter into Suffex, which pro-  
duced the following reply:

Lieutenant

Lieutenant VERNON to his LADY.

Most dear SOPHIA,

**T**HAT you was superior to the feebleness of the modish female, who affects to lisp, to shudder at the shower, and tremble at the breeze, I knew before: but that your soul was so nicely attuned to the pains and pleasures of mine, I was not so aware of, till the receipt of your last kind favour.

You will spare me to your King, you will lend him my services against the foes of Britain: noble woman, generous wife! I am again at Major FRASER's, in my way home, and upon my arrival



## 116 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

arrival at our peaceful villa, I will pay you my warmest acknowledgments by my embraces. I put your letter, with a sparkling eye, into the hand of my old friend: he read it, and burst forth into extacies peculiar to the manly violence of his nature. " 'Sdeath, VERNON, said he, ten such wives as thine would restore the female character from the ignominy of the rest of the sex. Such were the Spartan, such were the Roman women: I do not wish our wives to fight, Lieutenant: I do not wish them to wield the battle-ax, nor to eject the bomb, but, in the name of honour, let them suffer their husbands to behave like men, and permit those who wear beards to deserve them. I love softness, VERNON, and consider it as the female characteristic, but still I would have some distinction made betwixt women and

THE OF PUPIL PLEASURE. 117

and children, exclusive of the mere difference of bodily size: and I do declare to thee, Lieutenant, though I have seen many women that I could have liked, some that I could love, yet I never dared venture upon matrimony; lest my wife should stand betwixt me and my duty as a soldier: but could I, like thee, have met with a SOPHIA, I had long since taken to myself a brave-spirited wench, who should have spread the triumphal roses under my feet, and wove her garland of welcome against my return. But you are the happy hero: you are more than a general in the affections of SOPHIA. Go on then--embark--exert yourself to merit so illustrious a girl: fail not, I charge you, to visit me with SOPHY under your arm, on your coming again to the country you have honoured." I was preparing to give him the farewell embrace, but he held me

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

me by my hand, and surveying his figure in a glass that was opposite, shook his head and burst into tears: “Thou seest, said he, still looking in the mirror,) I do not counterfeit; my best arm and my most serviceable leg have left me: my soul wishes for the field, but my body—this useless load of an old fellow, of whom the half is timber—would but shame the troops, and disgrace his Majesty.” Then turning to the other end of the room, he took from the mantle-piece a sword, cautiously guarded from the rust by a scarlet case,—“There---continued the Major, after he had taken it from the covering) ---there, VERNON, is the blade that attended me in all my fortunes for more than thirty years: examine it---take notice of the marks of prowess: it is no maiden, I’ll assure thee:

“A better never did a belt sustain  
“Upon a soldier’s thigh.”

Take

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 119

Take it, Lieutenant. The hand which used to manage it, is gone, and with it the occupation of poor FRASER: 'tis a shame that so excellent a friend should be converted into a piece of lazy household furniture. Take it then, I say; and when thou art in the front of the battle, remember whose token thou hast in hand, and do it justice." *[Noble Veteran.!!]*

There are other traits, my dear SOPHIA, of this brave invalid's character, which I shall reserve for the opportunity of domestic endearment. As to your saying that you see less beauty, and smell less fragrance in the flowers of our garden, since my absence; and then artfully urging that, as a reason why *you* should accompany me to America, makes me pleased with the compliment, though I am not convinced by the argument. The Colonies are now in too  
much



much confusion to afford a lady accommodation ; and your residence would be with me always precarious, and, for the most part, unfit for you. The scene of bloodshed would be too near your eye; and the attention I should pay to you, would make me less attentive to my own professional advantages. Satisfy yourself, therefore, with the friendship of the good Mr. THORNTON —with the exactest correspondence, and with the unalterable love of

Your tender

CÆSAR VERNON.

P. S.

I am glad you are at last joined by Miss SIDNEY. Tell her I salute her.

THORNTON

THORNTON in Continuation.

There, SEDLEY, is, thou seest, fresh reason to animate thy amendment. But the postman brings me a packet. I perceive it is superscribed by thy character, and imprest by thy seal. Haply I shall find, by the contents, that thy reformation is begun. In such hope I break thy wax, and bid thee farewell.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

SEDLEY to THORNTON.

**T**HORNTON, give me joy! My insinuations have extorted from FANNY “her slow leave,” and as soon as I can contrive an interview with her, I am to have it. Hear, by what a display of my art I won her consent to see me alone. In reply to her epistle—that which I sent thee—I wrote—though I like not trusting myself to the *mercy* of ink and paper—another, in which I exerted and exhausted all the delicacy of dissembled passion. I struck the string most likely to work upon a woman in her situation; and as a proof of my address and eloquence, I tell thee again, that I prevailed—For once she will see me. Read her card.

Mrs.

Mrs. MORTIMER to Mr. SEDLEY.

FOR once, as you urge it with such vehemence, and as you promise to quit Buxton immediatly afterwards, I will see you. When you see an opportunity, either in the garden or elsewhere, you may employ it in communicating what you tell me is of so much consequence to my fame and felicity.

F. M.

Now then, THORNTON, must I call to my aid DORMER'S "unobserved observation," and banish all but the present object from my thoughts: now must I discover "the true mark of a superior genius," and shew "a steady undissipated attention" till I have ultimately succeeded in this great, glorious particular.—Nothing shall seduce me a single moment from— — 'Sdeath! THORN-



124 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

TON, the passing-bell tolls—surely  
HARRIET is not dead—No matter—I  
will not—dare not enquire. I will com-  
mand myself this once; and when this  
scheme is compleated I care not how  
soon I descend to ELYSIUM and to CHES-  
TERFIELD.

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXV.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. LA MOTTE.

OH, Mrs. LA MOTTE! the measure of my miseries is not completed—I have every thing to apprehend from both the looks and words of the physician. Just as he last entered, she called out, without looking at him, that he was the cruellest of men, and then, upon drawing the curtains, begged his pardon, and said she was mistaken. I have not even yet had my cloaths off—I can eat nothing; and when I drink it is only to allay the thirstings of a slow fever that is still lurking about me. Mr. SEDLEY came yesterday

terday kindly to enquire, and just as he had said—Well, my good Mr. HOMESPUN, and how does our poor HARRIET now—she screamed out with inconceivable violence——bade us shut the door, and then remained weeping and fainting alternately for above an hour. My fate is really a hard one, Mrs. LA MOTTE; but my conscience is void of offence, and the wisdom of the ALMIGHTY shall not, even now, be questioned by

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LET

LETTER LXXXVI.

Miss DELIA DELMORE to Lady LUCY  
SAXBY.

I CONFESS it, LUCY---he HAS pleased me; and I am above concealing from my friend that I admire his *manner* even more than his person. His words, his looks, his motions are truly irresistible; and if you knew half the noble things he hath done since he came to the bath, you would the less wonder at my being caught. I will only mention to you one or two points of his conduct, which will help you, by such specimens, to conjecture the rest. His servant had played the libertine with an innocent wench, who depended upon the bounty of the bathers for her attendance at the pump, and well: the fellow seduced her, the poor



deluded wretch lost her virtue and her means of livelihood at the same time. Common masters would have cuffed the footman, and called the injured girl a simpleton. Mr. SEDLEY insisted upon the deceiver's marrying the deceived; the ceremony has actually been celebrated, and it is said---not by him, for he never speaks of himself---that he designs to see them well settled before he leaves Buxton.

There is, you must know---a lady, who, on her return from the bath to her house, was hurt by the overturning of a carriage, and the husband, who is a worthy clergyman, would have been quite distracted, had it not not been for the cares, tenderneſſes, and attention of this obliging man, who hath the art of conciliating every body to him, and making every body around him happy.

by

by those nice and minute, yet truly engaging offices, which (being in general considered as unimportant, though in reality I find they are but too pleasing) are too often neglected. He is now very frequently in our family, and I rejoice to see him so much in the confidence and good graces of my father, mother, and brother. As to poor dear FANNY, she seldom talks when she can avoid it; and one may see Mr. SEDLEY's good breeding, and even the feelings of his heart, in the manner with which he adapts himself to the person he addresses: when his sentiments are directed to Sir HENRY, they are acute, correct, classical, penetrating, learned: when to my brother, they are elegant, noble, dignified, and animating: when to my mother, they are grave, condescending, cautious: when to my sister, gentle, and in an under-tone of voice, softened as it

were to the situation of a sick person, and that person a woman: his subjects to FANNY are such as might soothe a spirit much nearer its end than I hope that dear creature is. He colours beautifully the ideas of hope: he talks of returning health: he paints to her imagination, and he gives such touches to the scene of her expected recovery, that our dear invalid smiles when she is too exhausted to speak, and her husband thanks him, with overflowing eyes, for the entertainment and ease he hath produced to Mrs MORTIMER. In short, Lucy, he is a divine fellow, and I know not what will be the consequence of my trip to Buxton. Let what will be the event,

I am always yours

DELIA DELMORE

P. S.

P. S.

I had almost forgot to tell you that I am half teased to death with the surfeiting fine sayings of a beau, who hath offered me knick-knacks without number, and has made serious and tempting overtures to my father. So that you see SEDLEY has got a rival. Oh, Heavens! that Providence should, *into the same world*, send two creatures so uniformly different.

Adieu.

*your deluded, Delia!*

LETTER



## LETTER LXXXVII.

SEDLEY TO THORNTON.

THE Gods have been auspicious. The interview is past, and the stratagem by which it was obtained is worthy of myself. Thou must understand, that the sister of FANNY—the lady I mean with the pastoral appellation, Miss DELIA DELMORE—is such an object as cannot possibly be past over by the eye of a man who is taught to ANNIHILATE THE VERY IDEA OF CRIMINALITY, and is only intent upon the possession of as much beauty (without the vulgar consideration of “to whom related or by whom begot”) as he can possibly find, and the *more* to be found in *one* family the better, so as that secrecy which saves

all mischief can be procured. This DELIA, I say, THORNTON, being in the maiden state, must be addressed in the way of wedlock. To this end I have so managed the point, as to make one sister aid me in a design upon the other, while, in the mean time, I have so contrived it, that both shall be plotting their own pleasure: nay, I will make even the husband, father, mother, and the very coxcomb I before told thee of, who is my rival, the ostensible puppets on this occasion, while I, in the supremacy of my wit, and pushed forward by my great Preceptor, will make the whole family subservient to the gratification of thy

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LET-

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

THORNTON TO SEDLEY.

**T**HY letter, this moment come to hand, convinces me of my mistake in supposing thou wert to be wrought upon by scenes of tenderness and generosity, and proves that it is not in the language and good deeds of either man or woman to turn thy heart. That Janus of an earl has, I see, enfolded himself round thee: his maxims have penetrated into thy very marrow. Nay, thou even goest beyond him: he did but point at the benefits of duplicity in a private letter, at least not by his *consent* made public, but thou art duplicity itself. Thou, with an insidiousness unparalleled,

paralleled, engraved his horrid precepts on thine heart, enterest the temple of domestic joy, and (under the appearance of an angel, while the cloven foot of the fiend is delicately concealed,) art in sober truth, could thy real form be seen, the very demon of destruction. Call not thyself *my* SEDLEY,—I own thee not.—Thou art the Devil's SEDLEY, and I begin to shudder that I am connected with such a monster. Yet I beseech thee—once again in the still, serene, but pathetic voice of friendship—I beseech thee to desist. Bring not the grey hairs of the venerable DELMORES to the grave. Pollute not the weak defenceless FANNY——catch not in thy treacherous toils the heart of DELIA, who deserves a better fate. Hasten, I conjure thee, to the metropolis. There thy appetite for women may have its full play. Our streets are crouded with  
 chastity



chastity destroyed, beauty in ruins, and simplicity seduced. Dissipate at least, with less mischief, part of thy large fortune upon these. From thy present pursuits, I again repeat it, thou canst gain nothing but infamy: and if I could but transfer to thee my feelings, thou wouldst hug them to thy heart for ever, and discard all others with horror. I have the happiness to please the visitor of Mrs. VERNON, the charming ARAMINTA SIDNEY; she is the friend of FANNY MORTIMER: they correspond: she describes her as thou hast done—Oh! for God's sake, SEDLEY—do not harm *her*—do not push thy cruelties to the dishonour, disgrace—and very probably the death of—a sick woman. Mr. VERNON is returned: the affection, the happiness of this pair, might soften a panther into tenderness, and subdue the veriest rake into continence. No wonder

it hath touched the gentle bosom of ARAMINTA. I find a rapture in her smiles: I anticipate every change of her countenance. I am so far from desiring to ruin her reputation, that I tremble as I approach her. I have not assurance enough to kiss her beautiful lips: the slightest touch of her hand disorders me. I detect myself looking at her, and withdraw my eyes for fear of offending. I am a very young man, Mr. SEDLEY, and thou and CHESTERFIELD, with your united councils, had nearly led me to every thing odious: but I saw the precipice, time enough to escape it: the society of virtuous people, the friendship of the Lieutenant and his lady---the esteem---and, oh! that I might be allowed to say---the love, the pure love of ARAMINTA---will, I hope, again restore me to what I formerly was. As to your secrets, SEDLEY, I shall not betray them: and you will

138 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

will judge how true I must be to the point of confidence, when I dare not violate it, even though, by so pious a treachery, I could probably save a noble family, and, involved in the fate of that, the friend of ARAMINTA SIDNEY.

I am,

With prayers for your change of heart,

Yours,

JAMES THORNTON.

L E T.

LETTER LXXXIX.

The REVEREND HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. LA MOTTE.

PITY, Mrs. LA MOTTE, the  
distraction of a husband and a father. I  
have lost my child, and my wife is in  
the agonies of death. The babe that was  
to have blessed me, and crowned my  
nine months expectation, has appeared  
only to weep, and to--die--the mother  
could nourish it no longer: her agoni-  
zing fits have produced an untimely la-  
bour, and, lifeless as it is, she will not  
part with the infant: she hugs it in her  
arms--cradles it in her bosom--insists  
upon its being laid upon her pillow, and  
will not suffer any hand but hers and  
mine to touch it. Oh, Mrs. LA MOTTE!  
what



what shall I do, and whither must I fly?  
 --There is but one resource, and I will  
 seek it before I finish my letter—

\* \* \* \* \*

Blessed is the power of prayer!--I retired, Madam, into my own bed-room, and upon the bended knee of humility sought for comfort to the only hand that, in an exigence like mine, can bestow it. I rise easier, Mrs. LA MOTTE, indeed I do: he that correcteth hath not utterly forsaken me. I have softly opened HARRIET'S apartment, and by the nurse's waving me to withdraw again, I judge that my poor patient is asleep. The God, who alone can effectually give medicine to a mind diseased, protect and prosper her moment of awaking!

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LET.

LETTER XC.

SEDLEY TO THORNTON.

**M**y master-wheels are in motion: I sent *brother* MORTIMER upon a love-message, made to the lady DELIA's eyebrow, saw the old Baronet and his dame set out for an evening-ride to BUXTON bath, and had the fair FANNY MORTIMER all to myself. Oh! ye Deities of Design!--ye spirits congenial to STANHOPE's! what an hour have I passed! Oh! THORNTON, for a second interview!

Conscious of the prepossessing idea--I  
availed myself of her partiality. I did not  
kneel,

kneel, I did not whine, I did not smack the palms, nor squeeze the handkerchief, but I hit her on the only chord of the soul that could make a vibration in my favour; I pitied her want of health—I praised the sacrifice she had made to paternal quietude. I was all refinement—all assiduity—all CHESTERFIELD: the features were obedient, and every atom of irresistible art was levelled against her. I called the colour into her face by one sentiment---I sent it away by another: one look brought the tear---a second dried it up. Now the rose, now the lily, prevailed in her cheeks. Cordials became necessary. I ORDERED my hand to shake as I presented the hartshorn---the water---the drops. The lovely object of my battery began to yield---Nature tugged at her heart---her frame became weaker---her passion stronger: every finger tottered: her  
breath

breath became difficult: she rocked herself in her chair---her eyes were full---her voice faltered out an---Oh! Mr. SEDLEY!---the snare I had laid for her entered into her soul, and she fainted upon my bosom. \*

The assiduous talents that reduced and sink her could not even by a different application of them bring her to herself--and when I perceived this, and found it impossible to quiet her increased agitations, I went into the summer-house, where my cause was pleading, and with a decent degree of trepidation told Mr. MORTIMER (after bowing to DELIA with as decent a confusion) that his FANNY was rather more indisposed than she found herself before tea.

I am thy---

And, in spite of old proverbs, and all crows sayings, *will be thy*

PHILIP SEDLEY.

LETTER

\* D--d villain.



## LETTER XCI.

THORNTON TO SEDLEY.

YOUR letter found me at tea in this innocent family--I begged leave to break the seal--I read as far as the fainting of FANNY, and the cup fell from my hand.——Oh! thou hard of heart!——Thou insensible——Thou incorrigible!——But she is yet pure. She fell upon thy bosom——Thy horrid purpose is not yet perpetrated: nor *shall* it be: for, by the God of Truth, Mr. SEDLEY, if thou dost not write me word that thou wilt give over the destruction of this most pitiable girl, I will, at the risk of all consequences, take the proper steps to put her out of thy power. No idle punctilio

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 145

punctilio shall sway me in a case like  
this. When Innocence is in danger, to  
break Faith with a bad man is not  
Fraud, but Virtue.

JAMES THORNTON.

OL. II,

H LETTER

## LETTER XCI.

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THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 145

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JAMES THORNTON.

VOL. II.

H LETTER



## LETTER XCII.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. I. A. MOTTE.

MY unhappy wife is worse than ever: but as her strength decays, her affection seems to increase for me, and this only serves to agonize me the more. I sat up with her all last night, part of which she passed without her senses. In the intervals of her delirium she treated me with a tenderness that penetrated my soul: she called me by every name that could express her fondness---she kissed me---suffered the poor clay-cold corpse of our little one to be taken from her. ---It must not be, said she serenely ---Let it be given to the grave---bury it decently---be sure you do not  
close

close up the earth——leave a small space for its mother, and all shall be well. About midnight she mentioned Mrs. LA MOTTE—her dear, kind, noble, virtuous Mrs. LA MOTTE——several times. About an hour after this she started up wildly, caught hold of the curtains — threw them aside with some violence, and enquired of the nurse for ink and paper—she said, she was resolved to write to him; then, without naming anybody, melted into tears, sunk quietly down upon her pillow, and said —he was not worth it, and it did not signify. I dare not tell you how my own health is, but while I have any health at all, I am

Your

HORACE HOMESPUN.

H 2

LETTER

LETTER XCIII.

Mrs. MORTIMER to Miss SIDNEY.

VILLAINY too big to express, and which, though I am dying under it, I know not how to punish, without involving innocent people, has been practised upon me. I foresee---I *feel* it will be impossible you should ever see again your

FANNY MORTIMER.

LETTER

LETTER XCIV.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. LA MOTTE.

**T**HE last hope is extinguished, and I can only hold the pen to tell you that my wife is—in Heaven, and that the last words which came from her quivering lips, convinced me there is a wretch somewhere upon earth, to whom I am indebted for her death. I can say no more.

HORACE HOMESPUN.



## LETTER XCV.

Miss DELIA DELMORE, to Lady Lucy  
SAXBY.

WHAT a dreadful change, my dear Lucy, since I last wrote to you! There is an unusual degree of uneasiness on the countenances of my ever-honoured parents: my brother Mr. MORTIMER is pensive: FANNY was seized with an hysterical disorder while her husband was communicating to me the discourse that passed between him and Mr. SEDLEY, who has never been at our house since. Mrs. MORTIMER, it seems, knew not that Mr. SEDLEY had interested her husband in the declaration made, by that medium, to me: she remains exceedingly ill: has actually refused to suffer Mr. MORTIMER to sleep with her: says, she has strong reasons

for it, which he shall know at a proper time. At our coming into the drawing-room, after we were summoned to her assistance by SEDLEY (who in his confusion and hurry to fetch us ran down our long garden unbraced and without his hat), we found the poor dear creature just recovering from a swoon: her eyes closed——her teeth shut——her clenched hands locked in each other——and her dress in the utmost disorder, I suppose from the violent changes of posture occasioned by the fits. I have no heart now, Lady Lucy, to talk of my own affairs; and yet, as you have a right to know every thing that concerns me, I just send you a sketch of my brother's conversation in the summer-house previous to these alarming circumstances. My almost constant attendance on my sister will not permit me to transcribe it fair; and you must be contented with a

loose paper on which I have been able to scribble only at intervals.

[The Paper, inclosing Mr. MORTIMER's Address to his Sister, upon Mr. SEDLEY's Subject.]

Mr. MORTIMER, having led me by the hand through the garden into the summer-house, began, as usual, with a pretty compliment, told me that he found I had already done execution--- that I had made a wound which all the waters of BUXTON were not able to cure, and then proceeded (you know, LUCY, what an able advocate he his) to open the design of his calling me aside. I will own to you, said he, my dear DELIA, that I summon your attention in behalf of Mr. SEDLEY; but I will, as nearly as I am able, recollect his own

words,

words, and, without the least endeavor to sway you, leave the result to your own determination. I lately had a particular conversation with Mr. SEDLEY, wherein he addressed me, to the best of my remembrance, as follows:

“The motive of this visit, Mr. MORTIMER, is in confidence, to enquire of you, from whom I have reason to believe he conceals nothing, whether your sister DELIA is under any present engagement of heart, or in the least respect partial to any one in the disposal of her affections; for I should shudder to be the cause of even a negative pain to so amiable a woman: and I forebore to ask this question of Sir HENRY, lest that regard which he is pleased to entertain of me might incline him to something that might be contradictory to the private prospects of his daughter. I know, Mr. MORTIMER, the fraternal affection your



sister bears you, and I am no stranger, young as I am in your acquaintance, to the all-souled intimacy subsisting between you as happy relations: hence, I imagined it more for the general peace to direct myself to you rather than to any other; for as my enquiries are answered by you, Mr. MORTIMER, I will either bury my ambitious wishes in my own and your bosom, or, should they meet an encouraging reply, I will proceed to take such measures as seem to you most conducive to the happiness I aspire to."

Here, DELIA, he paused a little, and then with inimitable grace pursued his overtures:

"Although, Mr. MORTIMER—said he—I have had of late often the honour of Sir HENRY's company, whose nearest secrets

secrets of heart I am beginning to share, I never found that he had any view of uniting Miss DELMORE to any particular family. But why do I talk thus? Sir HENRY spurns the bare idea of compulsory connexions, and his noble nature can never stoop to barter the felicity of a child to interested prospects. And yet, Sir, may it not be reasonably apprehended, that a soul so delicate—a heart so susceptible---feelings so fine---and a bosom so alive to every nicer alarm, as Miss DELMORE's, may have made some wise and favourite choice of her own? If so, tell me of it frankly, and I promise, dear MORTIMER,--to join you in promoting rather than opposing the happiness she hopes for. After what I have now said, you will be quite explicit, ingenuous, and unreserved."

He waited my reply; his fine eyes shone with expectation: I told him that I believed

believed my sister DELIA had not yet, amongst the various pretensions made to her hand, seen the object she could approve in the intimate light he alluded to: that I had often heard her express a proper regard to the excellencies, manners, and address, of Mr. SEDLEY: that, as a very young friend, introduced into the family by the hand of so revered and sagacious a father, she had an elegant opinion of his merit: and that though I had not observed the least intimation of her entertaining any sensibility of heart as to his person (here, DELIA, he bowed, and blushed), yet that (be not displeased, DELIA) I knew her naturally soft, sensible, and a nice distinguisher of superior endowments. I concluded with saying, that, for the short time I could boast the honour of his acquaintance, I knew none more likely to inspire Miss DELMORE; and that, as a proof

of

of my good wishes, I would take the opportunity given me of Sir HENRY and Lady DELMORE's evening ride, from which I would excuse us young folks, to inform you of the conversation previous to any farther procedure.

His cheeks coloured to their full bloom (and you know what a complexion he has, DELIA) at this proposal: he begged, with great delicacy, that till I was pre-acquainted with your proposals, wishes, and views, I would preserve the whole matter a secret, not only from your mother and Sir HENRY, but even from my wife, the angelic Mrs. MORTIMER, as he was pleased to call her: adding, that he could not bear to occasion, by an ill-timed petition, one moment's uneasiness in a family so harmonized, innocent, and affectionate, as Sir HENRY DELMORE's; and that, rather than be cruelly



cruelly instrumental in the subversion of this, although his heart was in the cause, he would stifle the pleadings of it to eternity.—I easily prevailed, DELIA, on Sir HENRY and your mother to excuse us, and, as soon as their chariot rolled from the door, I took Mr. SEDLEY by the arm, and told him I was going to be his advocate. He pressed my hand, and in a whisper said he would have the honour to keep Mrs. MORTIMER company in the saloon, while I pleaded for him in the summer-house.

And now, my dear DELIA, continued my brother, may I not congratulate you on the conquest of a man who, if there is any faith in the fairest appearances, is equally adorned in mind and body, and and who will, I dare say, instantly proceed to acquaint us with his circumstances and fortunes, if he receives your sanction to be more explicit. I must

own I was never so truly attracted by any man, and he really seems born for an alliance with a woman as enchanting as himself. Tell me truly—tell me like a sister—did you ever see so manly yet so decorated an address—such splendid sentiments—so elevated an air? Or did you ever before meet with any gentleman so easy, or so engaging, in that sort of behavior which is the result of a brilliant capacity, ornamented breeding, and unaffected compliance?

---

When you have read the enclosed, Lucy, give me the sentiment of your heart upon it: for my own part, flattering as it is, I am too disordered, and too much interested in the sudden gloom that hangs over our house, to find satisfaction in any thing. Yet I am always

Your

DELIA DELMORE.

LET-

## LETTER XCVI.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. LA MOTTE.

I AM obliged, my good friend, to  
summon, not philosophy only, but all  
the force of christianity to my aid; and  
even that sustains itself with difficulty  
against the agitated powers of Nature.  
My child is scarce cold in the earth: my  
wife is to-morrow to be enclosed within  
her coffin: my duty at my parish is pre-  
cariously performed, and my strength  
absolutely fails me. Yet the last so-  
lemn testimonies of a husband's affec-  
tion shall not be neglected, Mrs. LA  
MOTTE. I have caused the dear di-  
mensions of her dead body to be taken,  
my friend. Her shroud is upon the table  
before

before me; and I have sent to bespeak the hearse that shall convey her from hence to my own church, where I am resolved her dear remains shall be deposited. I will not leave her in a strange land: I will not suffer her to lie where I cannot often visit her grave, often reflect upon her virtues, and always protect the consecrated spot which she occupies, from all insult and sacrilegious indecency. Nay, my friend, I will do more than this: the child that I trusted but on Tuesday last to the tomb, shall be raised again from the earth. Little did I think the commands of my wife would be so soon necessary to be obeyed: but her dying words shall not be forgotten. The mother and the son---for ah! Mrs. LA MOTTE, my infant was a boy--shall be buried in the embraces of each other. Nay, I will, (however the custom of the world may pronounce against it,)--I will read over them the awful service with my  
own



own mouth : the funeral-oration shall be composed by myself: in my own church-yard shall they be deposited, and I will have the fortitude to see the last spadeful of earth cover their beloved ashes before I retire to the agony of my solitude. That this is an uncommon proceeding I am not to be told: but it is, nevertheless, consistent with my notions of piety, tenderness, and duty, and shall be done.

I am obliged to lay down the pen, but will not fold up my letter; for though I shall be with you some time to-morrow night—scarcely till the middle of it—I know I shall be incapable of relating to you (what yet you will be anxious to understand) the manner of my poor HARRIET'S death, and therefore I will try to set it down—as I think I can with less misery to myself—upon paper.

In

## In Continuation.

About an hour before she died, she desired the nurse to withdraw, and, taking me gently by the hand, she looked at me for some time, was almost drowned with her tears, and hid her face within the pillow. Then, having somewhat relieved herself, she rose again upon her arm, and with a voice scarcely audible, but piercingly tender, she addressed me thus: "Oh, my best Horace! I have  
"injured thee: I die a victim to the  
"arts of the seducer—a seducer under  
"the fairest form of irresistible virtue.  
"Inquire not who or where he is—re-  
"sentment would, perhaps, ruin you  
"both, and God can tell, I would not  
"have any mischief befall either. I  
"have long——

Mrs.

Mrs. LA MOTTE, she could not finish her sentence. A second effort gave her just the power to say—"Put the child in my bosom, that we may sleep together:"—after which, her eyes became fixed full upon mine: I fell upon the bed in excessive grief—she struggled hard to give the kiss which exhausted Nature denied her power to impress, and then, Madam, half-turning upon her side, the sigh came forth that wafted her soul to its Creator, and she expired upon my cheek.

Oh, Mrs. LA MOTTE, that I could find the seducer! Oh, that I could discover the dark comploter of all this mischief!—Clergyman as I am, I would make him feel the vengeance of a husband's arm.--I have enquired in vain--not a clue is left me in her pocket-book---the landlord to whom I applied,

plied, without telling him the drift of my application, assures me, that since my departure from Buxton, none but his wife and himself were in her company---not even Mr. SEDLEY, who has been constantly, of late, at a family's out of town---but of him, indeed, I have not the least suspicion---Perhaps the horrid circumstance happened before our coming to the bath---perhaps the infant is the offspring of some other parent-- -perhaps-----Oh, Mrs. LA MOTTE! Mrs. LA MOTTE! I am bewildered, and wild with a thousand apprehensions---But why do I rage thus for revenge?---Is that consistent with my holy character? Is not the poor object of seduction punished sufficiently? Are not the child and parent both dead? Ah, my unhappy HARRIET! ---I injure thee---I wrong thee!---I have just kissed the clay-cold lip, Mrs.

LA



LA MOTTE---I will thirst no more for the blood of the wretch that has despoiled me---I leave him to the justice of his Maker---Let *me* go on in the straight path---let me still walk in the way of my duty.—The coffin is come ---the hearse rolls its sound in the wind ---I hear the beat of the melancholy hoof at the door.---My new-buried babe is bringing into the room.---It is the deep of night---there is no moon ---I will have no torches.

The child is raised---the mother is in her shroud, and placed in her last mansion---the horse waits to carry me home, and I have given directions to have *both* the bodies carried carefully down stairs.---God keep *your* heart from a scene like this, prays the unfortunate

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LET-

*Unhappy Homespun*

L E T T E R XCVII.

THORNTON to SEDLEY.

Sir,

I HAVE changed my condition, and by so doing enlarged the circle of my felicity. The chaste and honourable connection I have now made, with the sacred and rational pursuits attending it, render it very improper for me to hold farther correspondence with a man who professes to seduce the wife, and may, very probably, one time or another, *throw from his guard* even one who is armed against him by a knowledge of the basest system that ever was adopted.

I only

I only write this to acquaint you that it is the last letter you will ever receive from,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

JAMES THORNTON.

P. S.

Mrs. THORNTON—late Miss SIDNEY—has received such a card from FANNY MORTIMER, as pronounces you the most abandoned hypocrite upon earth. You guess the contents of it.

L E T.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

Lady LUCY SAXBY to Miss DELIA DEL-  
MORE.

How shall I be able to write a proper answer to so interesting a letter as your last, in which two subjects so immediately opposite are touched upon? As to poor Mrs. MORTIMER's health, I anxiously hope she is, by this time, again restored to a more tolerable degree of ; and yet how much are you all to be tied in being necessarily made the spectators of a disposition so full of fears, hopes, wishes, and apprehensions! But, JOSEPH says, "I dreamed a dream last night," and I shall relate it to my DE- , my fair oracle, for interpretation. I thought I was on a sudden—these

T. Vol. II. I things



things are all done suddenly—transported from the city of LONDON to the realms of HEAVEN, where a SERAPH, in the form of my departed sister, (whom you and I used so much to admire,) immediately acknowledged me, and addressed me thus: “Upon what account  
 “is my dear LUCY come, uncalled, to  
 “Elysium? or how got she hither without a guide?” “I come,” said I,  
 “in behalf of a dying friend, on the  
 “preservation of whose life depends the  
 “felicity of mine—Lead me, my sister,  
 “to the Angel of HEALTH, and I will  
 “kneel down and worship him.”

“If that is the purport of your errand  
 “to Elysium, I fear you are come here  
 “in vain,” said CLARISSA: there can be  
 “no partialities, and yon old, grey-  
 “headed, frowning personage you see  
 “with a scythe in his right-hand, would

“be

"be very angry if he was but to imagine what you want. Death is above a bribe, sister, you may depend on it."

At this instant I beheld a most beautiful cherub, with golden plumage expanded, fluttering over my head, and alight by the side of me—I trembled and bowed—"Stranger," said the celestial figure—"I know your business!—put the name of your friend into that little lattice—it leads to the palace of the Angel of PITY—approach reverently."

Soon after I had obeyed these commands, a door opened, out of which came the most elegant appearance of the female sex that can possibly be imagined, and with her a second form, whose face was shaded by a snowy veil—"Mortal," said the first splendid figure—"the prayer of the affectionate shall

“not be offered in vain---thy friend  
 “shall live, and lo! here she is, in  
 “the bloom of beauty, and in the height  
 “of health.” Saying this, the veil was  
 thrown aside, and in the second form I  
 immediately recognized the features of  
 FANNY, more animated and animating  
 than ever---I ran to embrace the sister  
 of my friend---but the Angel of PITY  
 interposed, and, after bidding me depart  
 in peace, she waved a golden wand, and  
 then the different emotions occasioned  
 by the vision awaked me.

And yet, DELIA, I am persuaded this  
 dream will be propitious. How truly  
 happy shall I be, if you send me word  
 that I have made a trip to Elysium to  
 some purpose. Nor will I, at any rate,  
 suffer you to call me superstitious; for the  
 thing is very probable: surely, in reco-  
 vering such a woman, where such a fa-  
 mily and such a husband are concerned,  
 the

the Angels of PITY and HEALTH may very properly be interested. I will not excuse you, if you do not acquaint me with the success of my dream immediately.

As to the conduct and conversation of Mr. SEDLEY, in the summer-house, I cannot but admire his address and ingenuity. His making a confidant of your brother was such a stroke of policy as shews him to be no ordinary lover; and I can see (from the delicate turn of his compliments, and his management of those nameless delicacies, which, tho' called minute, are amongst the points of importance) that he is no novice in those matters. You ask for my sentiments upon the subject: What can I say?---Have you not sent me the most amiable specimen of his attachment? Was not this attachment discovered in



a mode peculiar to the elegance of his character?---Has he not person---manner---fortune---wit---sense?—Do you not know what a complexion he has, my dear, when he blushes?—Has he not, by your own confession, the most decorated address—the most splendid sentiments—the most elevated air? and Is it not the opinion of your brother, that he never met with any gentleman “so easy, or so engaging in that sort of “behaviour, which is the result of a “brilliant capacity, ornamented breeding, and unaffected complaisance?”

Thus recommended then, my dear, on all sides, how is it possible that my sentiments should not be greatly in his favour? How is it possible that I should not wish to alter the superscription of my letters, and direct them for Mrs. SEDLEY?

After

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 175

After all, suppose I was to *change* my note: you ask me for my sentiments: suppose you see them in the following letter:

To Miss DELMORE.

Dear DELIA,

I OBEY your desire in regard to the offers of Mr. SEDLEY, and here send you the secret of my heart upon them.

In the first place, I would have you to consider, men are generally false, and can assume any shape that forwards and facilitates their purpose.

In the next place, you are most likely so partial to him, that you call those actions elegant which are only ordinary; and his manners, which are in your eye so enchanting, may only be a pretty method he has got of playing upon the surface of common subjects, just to gain his ends, after which he will, perhaps, become as insipid, or as impertinent as  
the

the fop whom you, in your former letters, have ridiculed.—Ten to one but this polite lover will be a very rude husband; and when the magic of the marriage circle is drawn in his favour, alas, poor lady wife, how will thine eyes be opened to the delusion! Putting all these points together, therefore, my advice is fairly this—forbid him your house—banish him from your company—blot him from your memory; and, to cut the matter short, have nothing more to say him. These are the counsels of your

LUCY SAXBY.

Should I send this laconic epistle formally signed and sealed, what would be the consequence? Methinks I see the whole scene; The angry DELIA has finished the letter, and lays it down—she hems twice or thrice, attempting, but in vain, to swallow the *affront*.—

I 5

Surely,



Surely, says she, (beautifully bridling) surely Lady SAXBY might have softened the matter a little---she is very explicit, but how should she be a judge of a man she never saw?---I am not much delighted with her letter, I can tell her that---She believes all men are alike---What! does she compare the divine SEDLEY to the atom of a fop, that "bug with gilded wings?" Upon my word, a smart comparison---very agreeable truly---I'll drop my correspondence with her censorious Ladyship, however.

Ah, DELIA! DELIA! have I not shewn off the sex faithfully?---Do I not know what agreeable inconsistencies we are in love-affairs? How ready we are all to ask the advice of another; when we are predetermined to take our own! Now, are you not, my dear correspondent, are you not a little hypocrite? Have you  
not

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 179

not resolved to encourage SEDLEY, and would not every dissuasive be ineffectual? But I rejoice to think you are under no necessity to answer that question.---I do not see any suspicious part in SEDLEY's behaviour, and I expect that you will distinguish yourself from the rest of your sex, even by the elegance and ingenuousness with which you meet his advances. That the event may be happiness to both, is most unfeignedly the wish of your

LUCY SAXBY.

LET-

## LETTER XCIX.

Mrs. LA MOTTE to the Reverend Ho-  
RACE HOMESPUN.

(Prior to the Receipt of the last.)

Is then the veil rent, my good  
Mr. HOMESPUN?---Is the bruised reed  
shaken to pieces?---Language was never  
made equal to such a heart-rending sub-  
ject. Remember, however, even in the  
midst of affliction remember, the cha-  
racter of a *christian pastor*. Make haste,  
Oh, my unhappy friend! to your own  
cottage. Take no vengeance on an  
unworthy rake, even should you find  
him. The thorn is in his heart---the  
flaming sword is in his bosom. My  
feeble

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 181

feeble consolations----my hopes---my  
attentions and my prayers, will be for  
ever at your service. Delay not then,  
longer than it is necessary, your journey  
to the parsonage---and your real sym-  
pathizing

C. LA MOTTE.

LET



## LETTER C.

The Reverend HORACE HOMESPUN to  
Mrs. LA MOTTE.

YES, Mrs. LA MOTTE—I will remember what is due to the character of a christian clergyman, and I *am* returning, as I *ought*, to my solitary cottage: but let me enjoin you—though your own prudence will render that injunction superfluous----not to satisfy curiosity of any kind, whether it comes in in the shape of condolence, sympathy, or surprize, as to the true cause of my unfortunate HARRIET's departure. Let her memory escape the censure even of an ill suggestion. I write this upon the road at our resting-place, while the horses are baited, and the men refreshed.

Ah,

Ah, my dear Mrs. LA MOTTE, what a mechanical creature is man! People who are hired for their attendance at a funeral are so familiarized to the last ceremonies, that they smile in their fables; and, while they are conveying youth and beauty to the tomb, can enjoy the ordinary, every-day events of life with as much glee and inconsideration as if they were carrying the gayest bride and bridegroom to the altar. The mourners who came with me, are at this instant carousing in the next room—while she who used heretofore to be the companion of my journeys, and made every place a *home* to me by the enchantments of her presence and society, is waiting their leisure, and lying in a gloomy vehicle, without any refreshment whatever.

Without refreshment! What have I  
 4 said,

said, and how does my present *practice* contradict my former *precepts*? Do I forget the rewards of an innocent *soul*--and are all my tears shed over the breathless *body*; which, being no longer animated by that soul, is *nothing*? Surely I have lost my wonted sense of religion, and Providence-----

No--Mrs. LA MOTTE--no-----I have not. To religion, and to Providence, be every event committed---but *neither* have robbed me of sensibility, and while that remains I cannot "but remember such things were, and were most precious to me." Even memory assists in drawing a picture to distress me-----

She who is there emboxed was one whom I chose from the rest of the world---She *was* indeed *my* world-----I have seen her walk--her now clay-cold hand has

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 185

has been a thousand times joined in that which is now employed in describing her fate.

She increased every day in sense, and discretion, and beauty---I think not of her last offences---for how should village simplicity be a match for town maxims?

—"Neither man nor angel can discern  
"HYPOCRISY, the only evil that walks  
"Invisible thro' earth;  
"And oft, tho' Wisdom wakes, Suspicion sleeps  
"At Wisdom's gate, while Goodness *thinks* no ill  
"Where no ill *seems*."

It begins to rain, Mrs. LA MOTTE.  
—The drops patter upon the roof of the hearth—I put my face to the casement, and hear them.---The poor little infant too---my boy---my darling!---my heir---my first-born!

Oh, Mrs. LA MOTTE, forgive---forgive



give me! Though I know the independency of soul and body in such a situation---though reason points out to me their separate state, yet I cannot, all at once, disunite them. Human Nature----powerful----pathetic Nature puts in her plea, and you have too much tenderness not to admit it---Do not, therefore, reproach me for ordering another covering to be thrown over the hearse---

More weakness, Mrs. LA MOTTE-- I have walked forth, and am a little relieved---the shower is over. Do not argue with me, dear friend; while the earth contains the beloved *remains* of Mrs. HOMESPUN, I must consider her as claiming from me respect and tenderness: the duties even of the husband do not terminate till she is in the grave

But the fable train have finished their  
repast--

repast—we are preparing to proceed in our journey. The postman is blowing his horn close beside me: he says this letter will reach you some hours before the wretched writer of it—He waits while I beg of you to be at the Parsonage against our arrival: your presence will be then necessary to prevent me from running the gauntlet through starers, and condolers. Such pity is, at such periods, insupportable. The hearse is moving awfully on. I must not leave it without one *real* mourner.

• Farewell!

Farewell!

HORACE HOMESPUN.

LET-

## LETTER CI.

Mrs. LA MOTTE to PHILIP SEDLEY  
Esq; at BUXTON.

(After the Return of Mr. HOMESPUN.)

I CONGRATULATE you, Sir, on your victory over every feeling that should distinguish the *human* species from the *brutal*; or rather I salute you upon your notable transmigration! The system of the philosopher who contended for such a change, you have adopted even *in this world*, with success. Yes Mr. SEDLEY, you are most completely *brutalized* indeed. Although I have not the *dishonour* to know you personally, I make bold to address a few sentiments to you, chiefly to acquaint you

with what you might otherwise be for some time ignorant. Your principal victims were buried last night, and the survivor is in a fair way of soon following them.

I could have wished, however, for the sake of your amusement, as it seems you are gratified upon such occasions, that you had been a spectator of this funeral. Though I can easily conceive you do not love *preaching*, yet, in the discourse of last night, there were such remarks as might have highly diverted & *elevated* a mind as yours.

But, to drop this ineffectual part of my subject, and proceed to another, more likely to excite your curiosity, Do you know, most assiduous and yet most negligent Sir, that a part of your treasures are now in my possession?—To speak plainer:



plainer: you must know that, amongst the now useless cloaths, and other late necessities of the entombed HARRIET, was found a BOOK, very thickly marked both by marginal notes, crosses of the nail, points of the pen, and strokes of the pencil; and in the fair leaf next the title there is written what distinguishes it to be Mr. SEDLEY's property.

Now, it plainly appears, Sir, from the several parts referred to, that you purposely pillaged the volume for the *pernicious*, and rejected the *instructive*. This would have been very proper, had you contented yourself, like other commentators with reprobating what is *wrong*, in order to set it apart from what is *right*: but how could such ordinary methods be expected from a person so very *extraordinary*! You, Sir, have even improved upon your original,  
and

and have ingeniously laboured to annihilate its merit, while you perpetuate its infamy,

As an instance of this, I select the subsequent *well-illustrated* passages, out of a multitude of others equally amiable, I shall place both the Commentator and this Author in a seemly, orderly manner, and, as you will easily recollect, act the part of a faithful *transcriber*.

CHESTERFIELD.

“Avoid seeing an affront, if possible.”

SEDLEY.

What though L. has forely stung me—I must please her—and be revenged at a proper time—at present, my cue is *blindness*.

CHESTERFIELD.

“If a man of sense perseveres, he will prevail at last.”

SEDLEY.

SEDLEY.

Oh, DORMER, DORMER! thou dear encourager—How dost thou give me spirits to go on? H. H. is an angel of the first order.

CHESTERFIELD.

“ Read faces.”

SEDLEY.

Whata Right Reverend face, and how delightfully legible is that of Master Minister H.—Not a trait of suspicion about it. I like his honest broad brow—his grey eye—which looks at every thing and *into* nothing. The very man. Oh divine H. H.!

CHESTERFIELD.

Don't yield to fits of rage.”

SEDLEY.

I am cursedly addicted to passion—Will curb myself—coolness carries all before

before it—Saucy L. thou shalt suffer—  
for I will *oblige* thee; and instead of  
*contempt*, shew thee a *kindness*—Then—  
then--*Mum!*

How could the sagacious Mr. SED-  
LEY trust his serious views with the very  
woman he meant to destroy? But that  
is easily accounted for. In another  
part of the book we find a *clue* to this  
mystery.

CHESTERFIELD.

Be, like Cæsar's wife, *unsuspected*."

SEDLEY.

Yes, dear, enchanting HARRIET,  
if it should ever be my fortune to please  
thee, how would I consult the *security*  
of thy situation--how guard thy fame,  
even with my life--from the breath of  
Detraction!--Ah, couldst thou but sur-

VOL. II.

K

mount



mount the vulgar prejudices of the world  
 --couldst thou but read in my counte-  
 nance the attentive---ardent---eternal  
*friend*---the---the——Oh ! HARRIET,  
 HARRIET, I will not swear to the truth  
 of my passion, lest you should suspect  
 me-- but if I might be permitted to ask  
 a favour with all imaginable softness---  
 In a word, HARRIET--This is the true  
 Volume of Delight--The world is full of  
 masks, and if you and I put *ours* de-  
 licately on, so as to talk not of our own  
 affairs, never shew Master Minister H  
 any contempt, flatter his little oratorical  
 and classical vanity, and assume the pro-  
 per flexibility, what joys may we not  
 taste, what treasures of tenderness may  
 we not allow one-another ?

Ah ! dear arbitress—keep this sacred  
 volume from every eye but your own  
 read---and return it to the fondest and  
 most faithful of men!——

Her

Here break we off, Mr. SEDLEY, to make way for a reflection: I have always taken notice that your great schemers counteract their fondest purposes. In the very depth of their conspiracy they discover a *little* which serves as a clue to the discovery of a *great deal*; nor did I ever know any man who had a *bad* secret to keep, and a difficult hand of cards to play, that did not, by too much caution in some points, and too much carelessness in others, lose the *honours* of the *game*:

“ You, under fair pretence of *friendly* ends,  
 “ And well plac’d words of glossing courtesy,  
 “ Baited with reasons, not *unplausible*,  
 “ Wind into the easy, human heart,  
 “ And HUG it into snares.”

And yet, Sir, to apply one more poetical line to you, what, after all, can be said of you better than this?

“ Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !”

These expostulations, however, Sir, are foreign from the purpose of my address, which is to intimate to you my design of publishing this odd Volume of the great LORD CHESTERFIELD with the remarks of the splendid PHILIP SEDLEY, Esq;— Such annotations will, no doubt, give fresh vigour to the sale, and add exceedingly to the popularity both of the Original and the Commentary. It will at least shew, how the *Man of Fashion* may improve upon celebrated precepts, and (what is, perhaps, of greater consequence) how the *Woman of Innocence* may escape the miseries of the practice. Above all things be assured, the world shall not long remain unacquainted with the gentleman who has accommodated it with so *spirited* an illustration of a book so much in vogue; and who knows but this conduct may tempt you

to

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 197

to favour the public with the remainder  
of the Volumes equally enriched, and  
by the same eminent hand?

I am, Sir,

Your indignant humble servant,

C. LA MOTTE.



## LETTER CII.

Mrs. THORNTON to Mrs. MORTIMER.

YOU frighten me to death, my dear FANNY: what can possibly be the matter?—Not two hours before your alarming letter arrived at Lieutenant VERNON'S I had given away my name, my hand, and my heart, to Mr. THORNTON of Leicestershire. It is a match of haste, but I hope not of rashness. He is, I find, the friend of a gentleman now intimate in your family, and, by the disordered answers I have received from my husband, I am afraid, to the wicked schemes of that friend you—But it cannot be: Mr. THORNTON would not avow any close connection with a character so atrocious—nay,  
I may

I may be mistaken as to the villainy under which you tell me you are dying—Dying, FANNY MORTIMER!—Heaven forbid—what a wedding-day have you made of mine! My husband, too, has been in tears almost ever since the receipt of your letter. I know not what to write, or what to think: if ever you loved, satisfy the impatience of

Your much disturbed, but sincere,

ARAMINTA THORNTON.

## LETTER CHI.

Mrs. MORTIMER to Mrs. THORNTON.

**W**RITTEN in the agony of her heart, and with a trembling hand, receive the last sentiments that are to be expected from your wretched friend.

*Was* Mr. THORNTON, then, intimate with the--the--Oh! Heaven! was he intimate with this--this--I shudder at his name--this Mr. SEDLEY? Perhaps he was one of his correspondents--If so, he knew his *designs*; and, if he *did* know them, how shall his heart be appeased for concealing them from the unhappy woman whom they have thrown into despair! Yes, ARAMINTA, I *am* in despair--

spair---I am ashamed, not only of my friends, and my husband, but of my shadow---I dare not look in the glass--

Seek not to know the particulars of what---cannot be spoken to. I am abused---deceived---and hurt beyond the possibility of cure.---I *will* die---

Dreadful officiousness! I had flown up to my chamber, and turned the key, to indulge my anguish, in all that luxury, which, on such occasions, is afforded by solitude, when Mr. MORTIMER tapped at the door, to know how I did?---My father, sister, and all the family, followed his example; and last of all came my beloved mother. ---But I was proof even against this--- I dared not to admit her.

The cause of my new source of grief seems yet to be undiscovered--What of that?--



that?--I know it *myself*---The blessed GOD, "from whom no secrets are hid," knows it. I was myself the aggressor--This fatal hand brought about the horrid circumstance--I betrayed my weakness to him in a letter---I told him his departure was necessary to my repose---*That* was enough to make such a man perpetrate my destruction---my death.

Partiality---Wretch that I was---What right had I to be partial?--Mr. MORTIMER claimed my heart--Mr. MORTIMER is the best of men--Memory be still!--

Hush! ARAMINTA, I hear his step on the stairs-----

He has thrust a card through the door, and gone down again softly to the

K 5 parlour.

parlour. ARAMINTA--the pen falls from my hand--When I send this I will send with it the card!—ARAMINTA--I *will* not live!—

Read---read, and tell me if I ought not to wish for annihilation.

The CARD inclosed.

EDWARD MORTIMER's tenderest invitations wait on FANNY, for her company (after she has amused herself with her pen) in the parlour, as DELIA is going to try a gentle tune on her new Piano Forte, EDWARD will attempt a soft accompaniment upon the flute, our little brother is to join in the strokes of the violin, Sir Henry and LADY DELMORE are to be our auditors, and they are to have quite a little concert. But they

they will be all out of tune, and it is impossible there should be any harmony, unless FANNY is amongst them, now and then bestowing a note from one of the most melodious pipes in the world--Perhaps Mr. SEDLEY may drop in, and the manly elegance of his voice will be delightful--EDWARD desires his FANNY to observe, that this very *full* card is subscribed by all the persons in the world whom she best loves, and who best love her, namely, by

Sir HENRY DELMORE,

LADY DELMORE,

DELIA DELMORE,

And Her EDWARD MORTIMER.

I must pause again, ARAMINTA--my strength fails me--

In Continuation.

Ten o'clock at night.

No, my friend—I could not obey the summons—I could not, on the other hand, have courage to send an apology-- About ten minutes after the card was delivered, I heard the dear, well-known voice of Lady DELMORE,

“ Sweet as the shepherd’s pipe upon the mountains,”

tenderly enquire—“ Is my child preparing to join us?—Will she make us happy?—Take your own time, my love; only remember, that the pain or pleasure of the night depends upon you—Don’t hurry—don’t discompose your spirits”--

The excellent, most revered, and most  
venerable



venerable Lady a second time returned unanswered!

Oh! ARAMINTA—ARAMINTA—how I wept!—how my heart yearned to clasp this dear mother to it!—but I was all the time labouring with a dreadful circumstance, which to disclose, would produce complicated misfortune—

God of compassion to what an exigence am I reduced!—

Scarce had Lady DELMORE withdrawn, but Mr. MORTIMER ascended the stairs, and “Will not my lovely FANNY—will not the wife of my soul condescend to oblige us?” said he, with a softness that was a fresh occasion of distress.

I could not upon this avoid giving way to some inchoherent expressions,  
and

and wild ejaculations, part of which were uttered upon my knees.

The trembling MORTIMER turned down stairs, and presently I heard the whole family assembled in the entry leading to the chambers, consulting by whisper.

They conclude (I overhear) that my brain is hurt—Ah! that it were, ARAMINTA——How—how, my friend, is this to be accounted for! but I would not enter the sleeping apartment of EDWARD MORTIMER for all that the sun surveys beneath his radiance!—My soul is not polluted!——

“When will the darling of my wishes suffer me (said MORTIMER just now) to lead her from that melancholy chamber to her own apartment?”

“Never

“ Never—never—never”——said I,  
in the extremity of my grief——“ Never,  
Mr. MORTIMER”——

“ FANNY”——replied the astonished  
MORTIMER——“ Did you speak, my  
love?”——

I recollected my imprudence, and  
catching up a piece of paper wrote on it  
as follows:

“ Let the dear and honoured friends  
of FANNY, indulge her idle fancy for  
this single night, and they shall com-  
mand her for the remainder of her whole  
life. She finds herself unusually well,  
and inclined to scribble to her long-ne-  
glected correspondents; and when she is  
weary she will lie down on the little  
tent-bed in the room where she now is--

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 209

“ Her peace of mind depends so much on their yielding to this request (however romantic it may appear), that she flatters herself her dear friends will not refuse it to her.”

\* \* \* \*

I put this under the bottom of the door, and heard the injured, yet most delicate MORTIMER immediately carry it away.

The maid has brought me a candle, and though I find the whole family (even to my aged father, *he* who must needs want the balms of repose) is to set up, I am no more to be invaded—This tenderness———this constant, uniform compliance distracts me——Poor——poor MORTIMER——this is the first time since our union that——that——

Excuse



Excuse me, ARAMINTA, I must leave off, and think a little!

\* \* \* \*

### In Continuation.

It is midnight, ARAMINTA. I have come to a resolution---In the common course of human declinings I cannot live long---My constitution is utterly gone--A fair excuse offers (during my present state of infirmity) to be indulged with an apartment separate from the excellent EDWARD MORTIMER. Let me then, dare to live--Let me live, were it only to prevent a discovery which my death might occasion--Let the secret of the most barbarous SEDLEY die with me; without involving in it either my father or my husband---

The

THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 211

The maid tells me, the whole house is in tears—What, my venerable father--my mother--all--all in tears!—

I was unable longer to support the idea; and I will go down to them, that they may rest—But into the chamber of her husband never shall again go the desolate

FANNY MORTIMER.

I will privately give this letter to the postman with my own hand, if I can steal out when he calls for others--But--it must--alas! my ARAMINTA—it will be my last.

Farewell! Farewell!

LET.

LETTER CIV.

THOMAS at the Bath, to TIMOTHY in Town.

Dear TIMOTHY,

“ How like a dog look’d Hercules,  
“ Thus to a distaff chain’d !”

‘SDEATH, TIMOTHY, “ I’m sped, I’m married.” In the very flower of my youth, in the bud of my adventures, I am cut off from all the joys of rambling, by matrimony. In a word, TIMOTHY, the first fair she that I was *well with*, as the great Lord CHESTERFIELD calls it, complained in form to my master,

master, who, in the moment of his rage, drew his sword, cocked his pistol, and giving me the choice of two cursed things--namely, death or a wife-- would certainly have sent me to my account, "with all my imperfections on my head," even now broad blown in the middle of May, if I had not fixed upon something: and, although in the confusion of my fears I have chosen the worst of the two destinies, by taking to my bed the low-born wench I have *simulated*, yet "no man knows the fate he's born to," and I have been to the church with a water-dipper--yea, TIMOTHY, with a creature, who, for some years hath got her bread by standing at the side of the bath, and presenting a brimmer of the water to the passenger. Then she is as insipid as the water itself, and ten times more illiterate than the tumbler that contains it. I marked her out only as a pretty experiment, just to bring  
my



my hand into play, as it were, before I ventured to CHESTERFIELDISE--a word, TIMOTHY, I collected from THORNTON's letters, which thou knowest I have an occasional access to---with others. However, my spouse---or rather my sposo---for I would avoid vulgar expressions, which are certain characteristics of bad company, and a bad education"---my sposo is wholesome, pretty, and not ill-made: but as she has not the smallest degree of *ton* about her, and doth not pretend the most distant acquaintance with either A, B, C, or any of the twenty-four members in that learned family, I despair of ever making her figure as an editor, or, indeed, of collecting together any of my papers, upon which account I charge thee, TIMOTHY, to preserve, very cautiously, all my letters, notes, minutes, and maxims; and as I shall very soon travel---(for a wife at home will

will only give me *eclat* abroad, and thou canst not believe I will live long with a water-dipper, though she were the Ne-reid of the spring)---thou wilt observe to tie them up, date them on the backs, docket them up, and if thou shouldst survive me (which I supplicate the heavens thou mayst not), I beg of thee to put them into the hand of the best book-feller then in vogue, and publish them *against my consent*; and (as order and method are the very souls of business) suppose the title (which I am to know nothing of) were to run thus:

*The Letters*  
of

THOMAS TRAVERSE, abroad,

to

TIMOTHY TRUEMAN, at home:

containing

EVERY INSTRUCTION NECESSARY TO  
FORM A FOOTMAN OF HONOUR, VIR-  
TUE, TASTE, AND FASHION.

Above

Above all points, TIMOTHY, avoid carelessness: let not a slip of our sacred simulations be seen. SEDLEY, with all his cleverness and graces, is a most thoughtless fellow—saving his authority. There is not a syllable in his correspondence to THORNTON but I am acquainted with it. Many a *small* essential he hits off to admiration. As far as the maxims of his Author extend, in regard to being well with women, he is a wonder. But of this exclusive, between ourselves, he is a bungler. He never puts his epistles into the office with his own hand; he trusts them to me, under the simple safe guard of a wet wafer: my knowledge of the world points out to me the necessity of learning all I can, especially when I can make observations without being observed. But, besides this, an epistle so hurried is but half a letter; for nicely is it noted, that neatness in folding up, *sealing*, and directing, is by

no means to be neglected: there is something even in the exterior of a letter that may please or displease, and consequently deserves attention. Thou must know, TIMOTHY, and I tell it thee in great confidence, that I have bestowed several leisure hours in preparing for thine eye (and in due time for the world, that is, *against my will*) a Treatise on Tooth-picking, wherein I shew the precise method of holding, handling, drawing, and replacing the dentrical instruments. Besides which, I have almost ready, an Essay on Nail-cutting; and I have gone a great way in bringing to perfection an instrument—for which, by the bye, I expect both a reward and a patent—that is so contrived, as to curve the nails, prevent their raggedness, hinder the flesh from growing up, and preserve them smooth, even, and transparent. And that every thing may be

OL. II                      L                      compleat,



218 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

compleat, I have sketched out a plan for a satire against tricks and oddities, of which I send thee underneath, a couplet or two, by way of specimen of the work.

Some pluck the button from the injur'd cloaths,  
While others rub the ears, and pick the nose.  
Some are so destitute of air and grace,  
Even while they speak, to turn away the face:  
Nay, some there are, to delicacy dead,  
Who always have the fingers in the head; [sick,  
This smells his meat, and makes his neighbour  
This clown eats slow, and that a world too quick.  
Nay some, to such a height is rudeness grown,  
Will grease their lips in picking of a bone.

I must not, however, forget to apprise thee of the most elaborate of all my works, entituled, The Art of Carving, wherein the adroitness and gentility of doing the honours of the table without hacking across a bone, without bespattering the company with the sauce, and without overturning the glasses into  
our

## THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE. 219

our neighbours pockets, will be critically considered. At the end of my performances I propose to annex certain miscellaneous observations on men and manners, such as knowledge of the world—the taking off the hat—offering the hand—making the bow—hanging the sword—managing the cane—holding the knife and fork—blowing the nose—and all the et-cætera essential to a gentleman. I shall, by way of supplement, add a few *free* thoughts on modest assurance, a caveat against bashfulness, hints on exterior seriousness, and cautions on flexibility of countenance; with a key to the heart, or the study of weaknesses, infirmities, foibles, and passions, illustrated: in short, TIMOTHY, my labours all together will form a compleat commentary on CHESTERFIELD, and I would have them lettered on the back

thus: TRAVERSE *on* STANHOPE. Perspicuity is a peculiar grace.

Oh! TIMOTHY, why were talents like mine denied an adequate fortune? Here has SEDLEY been, almost a month, catching a couple of beauties—simulating a pair of petticoats; when I, had my purse been like his, could have compassed a dozen. To say the truth, he has been rather unlucky too, for one of his damsels is dead, and the other is moving off.

You will guess what a regard I pay to moral character, when notwithstanding my poverty, I scorn to repair my shattered fortunes by impeaching him. No, TIMOTHY, that would be base—let every gentleman's affairs be sacred; I must not wound my feelings--I must not be blasted, TIMOTHY--I must not be blasted.

I lament

I lament nothing, my friend, but want of *money*; and yet I have been lately thinking, *manner*, may procure even that. Surely, TIMOTHY, the same sprightly powers that can make a cuckold, cannot fail, if dexterously applied, to help a man's pocket. There is a very rich, old, rheumatical, heavy-heel'd fellow at the bath, whom I have fixed my eye upon, and I am resolved to try the experiment.

Surely the serious exterior may befriend us with men as well as women. I know his weakneffes--and he says he is sure I was born a gentleman. Money I must really have.

Now taking a ride upon the King's high-way, rather late in the evening, is so cursedly hazardous, and I have such an objection to roguery, that I cannot

L 3

think



think of it: but I am persuaded I can simulate or dissimulate--(for I hardly know the distinction)--a purse or two and make the person simulated pleased with himself, and much obliged to me for taking it. This is, at worst, an ingenious way of running round the halter, without putting the neck into it and if we view it as it ought to be viewed, it is only a notable way of making a man pay so much gold for so much flattery, self-love, and satisfaction. For the success of all these arduous and laudable undertakings, pray TIMOTHY and believe me

Thy constant friend,

THOMAS

L E T

LETTER CV.

TIMOTHY in Town, to THOMAS at the  
Bath.

MR. THOMAS,

I HAVE received safe all the letters you directed to me, and I should have honoured them much sooner, had it been in my power; but the truth is, I have too much business to allow much time for pleasure--or, rather, I endeavour to make my pleasure and my business go fair and softly, like worthy fellow-servants in the same family. Besides this, Tom, you and *your* master, and I and *mine*--(if you will excuse me for following

lowing your example of putting the cart before the horse)--are so very *different*, that it is impossible we should agree upon any point we talk of. *I* am a plain fellow, with a worsted-laced livery and a wig, and *you* a gentleman with ruffles at your wrists, tambour waistcoat, and your hair tucked in braids under your hat. *I* condescend to take a shilling, or even sixpence, a head, by the way of Good bye to you, honest TIM, from my master's company, and *you* are above such a custom, and break your guinea at a tavern or a coffee-house to fling down your half-crown to the waiter with a dignified disdain, like a Prince.

- PHILIP SEDLEY, Esq; *your* Lord, makes it his amusement to rattle away from salt-water to fresh-water, from this polite place to that polite place, (to speak more properly,) from one *Ton* to another

another *Ten*, till he has shewn himself *every-where*, without settling *any-where*.

My master, on the contrary, Mr. Michael Bankwell, is an elderly, industrious, regular, bachelor of a citizen, up at eight, and in bed by eleven, who keeps me because he says I hit his humour, and he hates new faces. Moreover, Mr. Tom, there is nothing similar between our families. I *save*, you do *not* save. I am *prudent*, you are not. I love a wife, to whom I have been married fifteen years, and am only sorry that I cannot see her more than once in the week—You are tired of yours, to whom you have not been a week married. I delight in the appellation of plain TIM, or TIMOTHY—You are offended unless, Sir, or Mr. precedes the name which was bestowed upon you by your godfathers and godmothers.

In short, TOM--I beg pardon--in short,



Mr. THOMAS, I begin to think (as we so little resemble one another, either in our likings or aversions) that we had better not put ourselves for the future to the expence of postage; which (as you and your master are addicted to go pretty far into the country, and you are apt to write four letters where a man of less genius and spirit would scarce write one) is really a serious circumstance.

Not that I should propose such a matter neither, were there no other obstacle in the way: for (to flourish for a moment in your mode) I must inform you, that

“ The friends I have, and their adoption try'd,  
I'd grapple to my heart with hooks of steel.”

Frankly to speak therefore, Mr. TRAVERSE, (though you are undoubtedly a youth of parts, and able to do as much harm as any lad I know) you are not the man to my mind. In a word, TOM, I never took kindly to you; and since

your

your last letter, which lies on the table before me, I like you less than ever.

And so you look like a *dog* now you have got a wife, do you, Tom? and marriage at three-and-twenty you call being *cut off*. Take care you are not cut off in your flower *another* way! For if the scheme of *simulating* (the meaning of which God knows) the rheumatical gentleman's money out of his pocket should fail, and you should employ the sprightly powers you talk of in making him part with it whether he will or no, you may stand a chance to be promoted even sooner than you wish.

With respect to the books you figure so much upon, I know nothing about them: and if they relate only to picking of teeth, and turning out of toes, paring of nails, blowing of noses, and taking  
off.

off hats, I must beg to be excused having any thing to do with it; in the first place because I think I know all these things partly as well as his Lordship, and, perhaps, some of them better. As to knives and forks, I believe I can handle them as well as any nobleman in the universe——I am no bad carver, unless I am sharp-set; I am not to be told when it is my duty to have my hat under my arm; and, as to the rest, I never understood, till his *Lordship* told me, that it was decent to pick the teeth at all in company, if it could be avoided.

I shall make you laugh, no doubt, when I acquaint you that I approve a custom my master has of reading to his family every Sunday evening; and, as to books, I have as many as serve my purpose; namely, a Testament left by my aunt Mary in the year 1701, a Whole  
Duty

Duty of Man, Farriery made Easy, and  
The Servants Guide.

You wish for a full purse, you say, for the sake of doing more injuries to innocent women: there we differ again; though I am, in the main, contented with what I *have*, I now and then sigh for an increase of fortune to distribute amongst many worthy people whom I *know* to be under a cloud: and (if I thought you would not smile too much) I should venture to tell you, that I have two little orphan cousins in my eye, who shall not want a *friend*—if they turn out well——though they have lost a father: and I have more pleasure in seating my old frail mother in her arm-chair by a chearful fire, and giving now and then a necessary to a blind brother that I have, all which I pinch out of my perquisites and wages, than it is possible



230 THE PUPIL OF PLEASURE.

ble you should even *simulate*, as you call it, out of a stranger, or get by the ruin of all the men, women, and children, in Buxton.

And so, pretty, polite, Mr. THOMAS, I leave you to your undertakings, and beg that you will do me the favour to leave me to mine.

TIMOTHY TRUEMAN.

Lombard Street,

London.

LETTER

LETTER CVI.

SEDLEY TO THORNTON.

OH, THORNTON!—THORNTON!—THORNTON!—THORNTON!—I must write, I must fly to thy kind bosom for resource, although it were only to tell thee that thy prophecy is fulfilled! There walks not the insulted earth, at this present moment, such a rascal---such a wretch—such a fiend as PHILIP SEDLEY. —Oh, my GOD! what a stroke of heart have I this instant sustained!—The dead of the night, thou knowest, is generally my hour for projection; and, as this evening was particularly dark, serene, and favourable to my purpose of reflecting upon the mischiefs of the morrow, I left my chamber about eleven o'clock, and took the path that  
would

would soon have brought me to a little grove, by the side of a still streamlet, where I could have indulged "meditation even to madness." But, oh, Mr. THORNTON! what an agonizing interruption met me in the way! As I reached the door where I lately resided (for on HORACE'S return to town I changed my lodgings), what, of all things horrible to the heart dost thou think I saw—Not lightning---not the flames of a burning town, but a single torch, that displayed to me *two coffins*, containing the two fair creatures in whose fates I had been instrumental, carried on the shoulders of the attendants to a hearse that was standing ready to receive them: yes, my friend—HARRIET HOMESPUN, and the pledge of chaste embraces, were both passing to their last home: I gave a scream that broke voluntarily from my bosom---I fainted in the arms of a person that

was

was standing in a pensive posture against the side of the hearse--Oh, Mr. THORNTON,---it was HORACE himself!---it was the honest man---the kind friend---the unsuspicious priest, that I had injured past redemption---I recovered only to meet an eye that sunk me to the earth again---the dominion of the accursed DORMER was past---Truth took me by the heart-strings, and Conscience cast me upon the knee. I had no power over my own faculties; and the God of Nature did as he thought proper. I took the coffin of the wife in my arms---I bathed it with the scalding tears of unaffected penitence---I told the poor, trembling, astonished priest, *whom* he might thank for all his miseries ---*whom* he might consider as the murderer of his family. I usually carry with me, in my night-walks, a sword---I was armed with one at present---I offered it to the hand of Ho-



RACE—I tore open my waistcoat—bared my breast, and begged from him the stroke of mercy—he refused to give me the death I merited. Cruel man! he left me to MY GOD! I caught the weapon, shortened it, and pointed it at the detested heart, that directed the detested hand: but even here I was disappointed by the barbarity of HORACE, who wrenched it from me ere I had little more than perforated the skin; and, assuring the attendants, that I was at times, as now, disordered in my senses, ordered the hearse to pass on. He mounted his horse—bade the landlord go quietly to bed,—say nothing of what had happened.—and, wiping his eyes, rode after the machine, that contained the ruins of his family.

I was left alone—my shame is revealed—every man's tongue will be against me

on.

on the morrow.——I have followed my Preceptor into the pit of irremediable perdition. Repentance is the labour of a life: a minute's ignominy is to me insupportable.——I will leave this cursed place directly——I will saddle my horse privately; but never, never shalt thou again be disgraced, my still beloved THORNTON, by the presence of the

Detestable

PHILIP SEDLEY.

P. S.

The poor FANNY MORTIMER, too, is dying—I have reduced to ashes *that* family also. To possess her undefended form in a swoon! What violence! What villainy! Oh, shame! shame—I will not send this letter at present—I must ask  
the

the forgiveness of the expiring FANNY before I die; or else I should be ashamed even to leave existence—— I *will* see her. Poor MORTIMER, how have I wronged thee!—unhappy DELIA, how have I deceived thee! Let no man be tempted by the maxims of a casuist, to leave the plain, simple path of singleness; and be it engraven upon every heart, indelibly, that, HYPOCRISY, however polished, will lead us to the gates of Hell, and that TRUTH, only TRUTH, can conduct us through *her* temple, to Heaven!! — .

LETTER CVII.

Mr. MORTIMER to Mr. THORNTON,

At Lieutenant VERNON'S.

Sir,

I AM this moment arrived in town from Buxton, where the body of your wounded friend Mr. SEDLEY will be found either by you, or any of those who think it worth while to own him. He has, as I suppose you know, been the occasion of the most multiplied mischief that ever was, I believe, committed in the same space of time, in that or any other town. His death, however, and his repentance, which appears to be sincere, are all that man can have.

It would by no means interest a stranger, as you are, Sir, to particularize  
the



the sorrows your friend has introduced, not only in my family, but others equally happy before his admittance into them. But I understand from this libertine, who put your late letters into my hand, after I had wounded him, that you have married the most intimate friend of my dishonoured FANNY: to her it will not be uninteresting to observe, that it is impossible she should ever behold again alive that most injured and unfortunate girl, who was upon the point of expiring before I left BUXTON, which I thought it prudent to do, (notwithstanding my indifference to all future events,) till I see what is to be done with the broken-hearted authors of FANNY's existence.

The scene of Mr. SEDLEY's villainy has, I perceive, been already exhibited to the eye of Mr. THORNTON, who hath, it seems, long been his confident and correspondent;

correspondent; though he must pardon me, if I esteem *him* less worthy the noble-minded ARAMINTA, who could countenance, by his regard, the actions of a PHILIP SEDLEY. Happy, however, am I to hear, for his lady's sake, that the connexion is at length dissolved. The affair betwixt me and the offender, happened in the dead of night: the surgeon, to whom I went myself, in defiance of danger, assures me the wound is vital. Mr. SEDLEY, who could not speak, gave me, at my departure, your address: I must be excused from discovering mine to Mr. THORNTON at present; and I only write to acquaint him of his friend's situation. My own misery is, indeed, extreme: but I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

EDWARD MORTIMER.

LET.

LETTER CVIII.

MISS DELIA DELMORE to Lady Lucy  
SAXBY.

**N**EVER was the ruin of a happy family so rapidly compleated, as that of your wretched DELIA DELMORE'S. All the fair hopes that I communicated to LADY LUCY, in my late letters, are now totally overthrown; and the fairy prospect I drew before her eye hath terminated in death and horror. Oh! LADY SAXBY, I can scarce command my hand, or my tears, to enter into explanations: but your kind condolence is the only consolation now left me, and I will endeavour to collect myself.

About

About twelve o'clock, last night, a horseman stooped at our door, and knocked loudly for admittance. We were seated quite out of spirits at the table, and had just been talking about withdrawing for the night, while poor Mrs. MORTIMER was lulling her cares to rest upon the sofa, having past the day in a manner too melancholy to describe to you. WILLIAM had scarce opened the door, when a person dismounted, from a panting, hard-ridden horse, and rushed into the middle of the supper-room without any ceremony. We soon discovered, through the dreadful metamorphose, the features of Mr. SEDLEY, his waistcoat unbutton'd, his hair without a ribbon—his shirt spotted with blood at the bosom, his face pale and squallid, and his eyes bearing all the marks of terror and desperation. Without making any apology for his intrusi-



on, he drew a chair from the side of the room, flung himself into it, stamp'd his foot twice against the floor, smote his breast with an air of inexpressible vengeance, and, taking a paper from his pocket, held it at arm's length, and burst into tears. By this time our attention was diverted from this alarming object to another still more dreadful--poor FANNY MORTIMER was in the strongest convulsions I ever remember to have seen---SEDLEY tossed away the paper, after he had crush'd it in his hand, and flew like lightning to Mrs. MORTIMER: my father, mother, and my brother, all assisted: we hurried her up stairs: as I had got to the edge of the door, I saw Mr. MORTIMER, with a trembling hand, pouring out a glass of the brandy, and lean, almost ready to sink, against the wainscot: and just as I left the room he took up the paper  
that

that SEDLEY had thrown away. It is a good way to any bed-chamber, and the stairs is steep: we were some time reaching FANNY's apartment: she remained insensible. When we got her into the bed-room, Mr. SEDLEY went down stairs—where he had not been two minutes before the words villain! impostor! murderer! were vehemently reverberated. Sir HENRY ran to the head of the stairs, and saying that he distinguished the clashing of swords, ran down with the utmost precipitation: my mother followed him, and FANNY started from the bed, and staggering at every step, begg'd, for God's sake, I would conduct her down. Terror gave her swiftness--horror lent her temporary strength: she was in the supper-room in a moment, but even *that* was a moment too late--for Oh! Lady Lucy, the deed was done.—Mr. SEDLEY

was upon the ground, writheing in blood, and Mr. MORTIMER was sobbing in his chair, with the weapon of destruction smoaking in his hand.--FANNY MORTIMER saw--shriek'd--shiver'd, and fell down: even at this moment she lies distracted. Her senses are quite gone: neither bleeding, chafing--nor any other applications can recover her--she pierces us to the heart with her cries. She execrates first SEDLEY, then herself--then MORTIMER: SEDLEY is put into one of our beds--my poor father wishes to hush the horrid affair as long as possible--Mr. MORTIMER, without a servant, has taken the road to LONDON, and from thence to FRANCE. SEDLEY has never been able to articulate a word. That *paper*, Lady SAXBY, that fatal paper\*,

\* This was the last letter Mr. SEDLEY wrote to THORNTON, but delayed the sending of it till he had seen Mrs. MORTIMER. See Letter CVII.  
created

created all the mischief. I inclose you a copy of it, from whence you may guess the other horrid deeds committed by this all-accomplished villain. What is to be done Heaven knows. We are all inexpressibly miserable. I cannot go on: the cries of FANNY are again begun.—

DELIA DELMORE.

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LET-



## LETTER CIX.

Sir HENRY DELMORE to Mr. THORNTON.

Sir,

YOUR letter came to me too late: the despoiler of my family left this world about an hour before its arrival: his body, however, shall be conveyed according to your directions. It was his dying request that he should be brought before Mrs. MORTIMER, my wretched daughter: but he expired before the request could possibly be granted. In his pocket, which he begged with his last words I would search, was found a small manuscript, that he enjoined me to con-

sider as the instrument of every circumstance that had happened. On opening this I discovered, written with a pencil, the following maxims, the practice of which might very properly lead to more mischief, if that were possible, than they have occasioned.

MAXIMS.

1. Have a serious *exterior*.
2. A modest assurance.
3. Study command of temper and countenance.
4. Dissemble resentment.
5. Judge of *other* men by your *own* feelings.
6. Be upon your *own* guard.
7. Throw others off *theirs*.
8. Study the passions and foibles of both sexes.
9. Flatter the vanity of all.
10. A flexibility of manners commendable.
11. Soothe all---please all---conquer all.
12. Be every thing, to every body.

These

These are, I perceive, selected from the pernicious volumes of the late Lord CHESTERFIELD, whose letters falling into the hand of any voluptuous character, might very naturally produce effects the most dreadful. • It is very unhappy that me and mine should have been marked out as the first victims. But that misfortune, like every other, must be sustained to the best of my ability. My poor daughter is not dead: her senses are in some measure restored to her; and perhaps the life of her mother, husband, and father, may be made supportable by her preservation. In the midst of my own misery, Sir, I have a wish for the nuptial joy of you, and the amiable young lady to whom you are now so tenderly united. I formerly knew the brave Lieutenant VERNON, and I beg the compliments of a forlorn parent may be made welcome  
to

to him: recollect me, also, kindly to Mrs. THORNTON, and Mrs. VERNON. The corpse of Mr. SEDLEY shall be sent to your address, as soon as the hearse can be provided. He purposely concealed himself from all his worthy connexions, here; nor did I know, till the receipt of yours, the illustrious ancestors and family of the man to whom I am indebted for this accumulated agony. Notwithstanding this, my resentment survives not the life of the aggressor, whom I will see justice and decency done to, with a scrupulous exactness. *His* loss of honour would ill warrant *my* loss of humanity.

9 DE 63  
I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY DELMORE.

LET-



LETTER CX.

Miss DELIA DELMORE to Lady Lucy  
SAXBY.

(Dated six Weeks after the preceding.)

My dear Lady Lucy,

PROVIDENCE, and Content,  
seem again disposed to smile upon us.  
The trial and honourable acquittal of  
Mr. MORTIMER is over: and the thou-  
sand tender assurances he has given his  
FANNY (whom Heaven has spared to  
us) that the violence she sustained, is  
quite forgotten, have contributed, with  
the caresses of her affectionate parents,  
to reconcile her, in some measure, to  
that life, which God seems intending  
to

to continue. Though extremely weak, she is in perfect possession of her senses, and mends every day. There is certainly some turn in her favour, and perhaps she is preserved as an example of Almighty benignity, that will not desert persevering goodness, and patient affliction. The truth of Mr. SEDLEY's death—I mean as to the precise occasion of it—is little known. The Judge was extremely delicate on the subject: so was every body concerned—Mr. SEDLEY's relations have not wept over the ashes of their kinsman, nor does any body seem to regret—though every body professes to be astonished. For my own part—I heartily detest his memory. Mr. MORTIMER is so truly tender of FANNY, that her gratitude seems ripening into love: none ever deserved a fonder return than our MORTIMER.

In

In a word—I warmly hope, happiness will again subsist amongst us. On Thursday se’nnight our whole family sets out for Montpelier: the southern softness, and a short absence from the scenes of irksome reflection, with a change of air and company, may be of service to us all. That, in the mean time, you may enjoy all the tranquillity of a worthy, and ingenuous spirit, is the often-repeated prayer of,

My dear Lady Lucy,

Your own, undisguised,

9 DE 63

DELIA DELMORE

F I N I S.

